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Smith, Thomas Lacey

Chronicles of Turkeytown;

OR,

THE WORKS

OF

JEREMY PETERS.

FIRST SERIES.

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF A DREADFUL CATASTROPHE, THE AMOURS OF DR. POST AND MRS. PEWEETLE, AND THE HISTORY OF A TATTERDEMALION.

"A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Love's Labours Lost.

CITY OF WASHINGTON

PHILADELPHIA:

R. H. SMALL, 165 CHESNUT STREET.

JESPER HARDING, PRINTER.

1829

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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

SEAL.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the thirtieth day of November, in the fifty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1829,

R. H. SMALL,

of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"Chronicles of Turkeytown; or, the works of Jeremy Peters. First Series. Containing the History of a Dreadful Catastrophe, the Amours of Dr. Post and Mrs. Peweetle, and the History of a Tatterdemalion.

'A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.' "

Love's Labours Lost.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned"—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Chronicles of Turkeytown.

BOOK I.

THE HISTORY OF A DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

CHAPTER I.

Containing some Introductory Matters, and a pithy Address to the Reader.

WHOEVER consults the Gazetteer, will find, or ought to find, the description of a village that exists in a certain part of the state of New Jersey, and which has been long known under the appellation of Turkeytown. Some persons, who seem to have been more desirous to attract notice by a witty saying, than to elicit truth, have started an opinion, that this name owes its derivation to an old by-word, signifying, "that all the inhabitants were as poor as Job's turkey." Now, whether Job's turkey was poor or otherwise, or whether he even possessed such a bird, is really more than I can inform the reader; but for a refutation of the piece of

slander above mentioned, I must refer him to a pamphlet published some years since by the learned Adnojah Peacock, which proves, as plain as the nose on my face, that the original name of the village was Tantulus, because it was so very small when it was first begun. In process of time, Tantulus became corrupted to Turtulus, from that to Turtulee, and finally to Turkeytown, when the inhabitants became satisfied, and determined that the name should undergo no further change, but remain Turkeytown for ever. These facts I have stated for the benefit of future antiquarians; for, as I make no question that Turkeytown will hereafter be considered one of the most renowned places upon the face of this terrestrial globe, so it was to be feared, that some thousand years hence, the learned heads of the times, might have puzzled themselves for a thousand years more, without discovering half so much information upon this point, as is contained in the few lines above written. This much premised, the reader is next to be informed, that, in by-gone days, there lived in this same village of Turkeytown, a Mr. Jediah Peters, who having, when about twenty-five years of age, thought proper to accommodate himself with a wife, was nine months afterwards presented with a son, to whom he gave the name of Jeremy. Now it so happened, that this Jeremy, when grown up to man's estate,

was much given to reflection, and, in particular, he would often sit with his head inclined upon his hand for hours together, and contemplate the mutability of this sublunary life. How many hundred millions of human beings have there been, thought he, who seem only to have been created, like the vegetables of the fields, to die, rot, and be forgotten. Of all the countless masses of people, who at different times have thronged the world, how few are there whose names have survived the engravings upon their tombstones. They have existed their day; perhaps sported through life like the gaudy butterfly, perhaps toiled it out like the humble beetle, or the ant; but all alike have sooner or later been swept away into oblivion. Such reflections as these troubled the mind of Jeremy Peters not a little, and at length he began seriously to think in what manner he should avoid that black and insatiable gulf, which even the myriads, who have already entered, cannot fill. Sometimes he would resolve to be a soldier, and by leading forth armies to overthrow empires and subdue the world, have his name inscribed with those of Alexander and Cæsar upon the scroll of glory. Sometimes again he determined to become a statesman, and enact laws, which, like those of Solon and Lycurgus, should become the admiration of future ages. Upon these and the like projects he was constantly rumi-

nating; but some how or other, years passed away, and he became too old either to endure the fatigues of war, or to thread the intricate mazes of politics. He then, as a last resource, resolved to write a book; and this project, when he considered it, appeared so feasible, that he greatly wondered it had not occurred to him before. He conceived that, by this means, he would not only be enabled to perpetuate the remembrance of his own name, but also those of his friends; for he had made up his mind, that his book should be a complete Turkeytown history, in which, although he himself, as of right he ought, would take the first place, all his neighbours and acquaintances should come in for a reasonable share.

And now, having completely formed his resolution, he determined to lose no further time in the execution of his project; and, accordingly, collecting a quantity of paper, and replenishing his inkstand, he seated himself by a table, and, after scratching his head for some time, by way of invoking all the gods and goddesses, who usually wait upon the authorcraft, to his assistance, commenced an address to his reader, as follows:

Gentle Reader—I am aware, that every one who is preparing to set forth upon a journey, naturally feels some interest in inquiring the character of the road he is about to travel, and also, what incidents and

entertainment he is likely to meet with by the way. Allow me, therefore, to inform you, that the excursion we are about to take together is one of pleasure; we shall not keep the turnpike, or drive straight forward from town to town, like the mail coach, but we shall strike out a new road for ourselves, having Fancy for our guide, and Good Humour for our postilion. We shall not fail to amuse ourselves with the eccentricities of those travellers we may meet with by the way, but it shall be done with all imaginable mirth and pleasantry, particularly avoiding the example of that ancient poet, (Hipponax, I think it was,) who wrote such bitter satires, that the persons against whom they were directed, are said to have hanged themselves for vexation. For my part, I am utterly opposed to every species of strangulation, except that, when by long continued exercise of the risible organs, the Pomum Adami becomes partially obstructed by an overflowing tide of merriment; in which manner I most cordially wish that you may strangle yourself at least three times a day. In short, the history which I am about to write, and you to read, will be found, if I am not mistaken, of a most novel and diverting character. I have not sought amongst the tobacconists and groceries for their greasy wrappers, nor have I penetrated the bowels of the earth in search of mouldy parchments:—the

contents of my book come fresh from the pen of its author; and my highest wish is, that long after the worms have feasted upon my fingers, the lines they are now tracing may continue to afford you instruction and amusement.

Chapter II.

In which the history goes on in good earnest. Relating how I was born without any assistance one stormy night—How I was placed under the charge of a most excellent nurse; and how the good effects of her anxious labours were unfortunately blighted by my mother; which gives rise to a memorable discussion between my father and Doctor Lavender.

It was during the night of the 21st of June, 1779, and a tempestuous night it was, too, that I was first ushered into this breathing world; or rather, I ushered myself into it, for though John Jobson had been gone after the doctor for more than an hour and a half, he had either lost his way in the thunder storm, or he had not found him at home, or the doctor was too long in coming; at all events, when he did arrive, I had no further occasion for

his assistance. When the news was told to my father, he said, he was heartily glad, since the doctor was so dilatory, that I had got the start of him; for, continued he, our success in obtaining any of the objects we struggle for through life, depends greatly upon our decision in seizing upon the particular moment adapted by fate to the circumstances of it; and he therefore concluded, that my coming into the world without waiting for the aid of science, augured a quick and lively judgment, which would hereafter enable the possessor to think and act for himself, without staying for the assistance of others, when the critical point of time had arrived. How far this prediction has been verified, will be seen, perhaps, by those who accompany me to the conclusion of my labours; but at present it must stand for as much as it is worth, whilst I proceed to relate the particulars of an event, which, though apparently trifling in itself, had nearly blighted all my favourable prospects, and created so much confusion in my father's house, that, for the time, every thing seemed to be turned topsyturvy. To do this, however, it will be necessary for us to turn back a step or two.

Amidst all the cares and difficulties of a matrimonial life, there is no one object more important, and which occasions more bustle and stir, than the selection of a suitable nurse. There are so many

different qualities and requisites to be looked to, that long before the advent of the expected heir, the characters of the different applicants are nicely discussed and canvassed in a full divan of all the female relations and friends, whose age and experience entitle them to a voice on so momentous a question. My mother, as I have been informed, neglected none of the usual precautions. Three several councils were held, and nearly a pound of pouchong was consumed before the point could be satisfactorily settled.

They resulted at last, however, in the appointment of Mrs. Rebecca Simons, and truly, if my mother's counsellors had continued their sittings to this day, they could scarcely have hit upon one whose qualities seemed better adapted to the purpose. As nearly as I can recollect, the good lady was about forty-five years of age. She had blue eyes, that looked all mildness and suavity; a nose gently turned up at the end, and a mouth that carried a perpetual smile. Altogether, her face, peeping out from the borders of a pinched cap, and an old fashioned gauze cape, had such a goodly, matronlike aspect, that one might have sworn she was born to shine in a nursery, and run no risk of being ducked for a wizard or a phrenologist. To this respectable person, then, I was consigned, and through her industry and skill, I was soon rendered

"as neat and pretty looking a baby as need to be seen." Such, at least, was the opinion of all my visiters, who declared unanimously, that I was vastly handsome, and separately, that I was the very image of my father, mother, grandfather, and aunt Dorothy.

My nurse, being naturally proud of having so promising an infant under her charge, was resolved, from the very outset, that nothing should be omitted on her part, which could in any way prove essential to my future welfare. In pursuance of this resolution, she adopted a variety of salutary measures, and one of the most important, as she conceived, was to search my head minutely every night and morning; for it was long a practice in the neighbourhood of Turkeytown, to keep a vigilant look-out for the first traveller which ventured to explore the cranial regions of a new-born infant, and place him religiously between the leaves of the family Bible. This was believed to be wonderfully efficacious in preserving the future citizen from the wiles of the evil one, and imbuing his or her mind with pious principles. In this case, the sacred animal did not make his appearance until the thirty-third day after my birth, and he had probably scarce time to turn himself, before he was secured (for want of a better receptacle) in my nurse's thimble, and carried in triumph to my mother's

apartment. "Mrs. Peters," said she, as the door opened, holding the back of a teaspoon tightly over the orifice of the thimble, and accompanying her words with a smile of sagacity and importance,—"Mrs. Peters! pray, where is the big Bible?"

My nurse, in her haste, did not, at first, perceive that there was company in the room with my mother, and in despite of the interest she felt, she could not help feeling a little abashed, when, upon turning round, she beheld the portly figure of Dr. Lavender, who was there upon a visit. This latter personage was my grand uncle by my mother's side; he was a good humoured but whimsical old gentleman, of a dignified and commanding aspect, and always wore his hair powdered, and tied up in a long queue. In the course of his practice he had found that nurses, and old women in general, very often interfered with the regular course of his prescriptions, and were sometimes troublesome in proffering their advice when it was not wanted. He had, accordingly, conceived a sovereign contempt for the opinions of the whole tribe, and as he had probably a pretty good idea of the scene which was to follow, his countenance assumed a sneering, satirical expression, upon the entrance of Mrs. Simons, which caused the good lady to blush up to the very eye-brows. As for my mother, she was just in that state when a person is said to be neither

sick nor well. The principal symptoms of illness consisted in pettishness, and a little shortness of temper, both of which were displayed in her answer, or rather counter interrogation, short as it was.

"The big Bible!" said she, "what in the world, Becky, can you want with the big Bible?"

Mrs. Simons advanced, and partially uncovered the thimble, for my mother to look into it; "it is the first one," said she, "and a big fellow it is, too; I can't conceive where the child could have catched it."

The light was unfavourable in this position, and my mother could not see the bottom; so, whilst the nurse was speaking, she took the thimble into her own hand, for the purpose of examining its contents to better advantage. A single glance, it appeared, was sufficient; for an inversion of the fore-finger and thumb which held it, immediately followed, and the poor louse was at once precipitated into the fire. "What is all this foolish nonsense about," said she; "what do you bring the dirty thing here for."

My nurse made no answer to this whatever. So great was her grief and concern, at beholding all the beneficial results of her anxious labours thus wilfully blighted, that she held up both her hands, and only exclaiming, "Heaven protect my poor child!" ran out of the room in such haste, that she had near-

ly overturned my father, who was just entering at the door. "What can be the matter with the silly woman?" said my mother to the doctor, when she had gone.

"Hum!" said he, with an ironical smile, "you are not aware, then, that you have committed a most woful piece of sacrilege? The animal you have just committed to the flames, as insignificant as it seemed, was, in the opinion of the nurse, the tutelary genius of your son Jeremy; and it is to be feared that all the evils and misfortunes, which shall hereafter afflict him through life, will be attributable to this unlucky act."

My mother, when the matter was thus explained, did not feel quite so well satisfied with the course she had adopted. She looked at my father, and after stating the case, desired his opinion upon the subject.

Now, my father, good man, had a very peculiar turn of mind; and his assent to any given proposition depended upon so many contingencies, which never entered any head but his own, that it was extremely difficult to conjecture in what light he might be disposed to regard it. When he had once adopted an opinion, however, he would twist and stretch it, and pile rubbish around it, with an ingenuity that Aristotle himself could scarcely have equalled. As to common sense, the errand jade was eternally thrusting herself in his way, and thwarting some

of his favourite projects and theories; so he made it a rule to pay as little regard to her as possible.

When not engaged in these subtilties, he occupied himself principally in collecting clam shells, and fishes' teeth, dug out of neighbouring marl pits, or in some similar pursuits, that might happen to be his hobbies for the time: but what is most important to our present purpose, he chanced, about this period, to be engaged in forming a collection of all the popular notions and prejudices he could lay hold of; and the first thing he did in this instance, was to make a note of it in his pocket-book; then, having prepared himself by a preliminary hem! he answered my mother as follows: "I think, my dear, it is best to conform to popular prejudices, at least when we can do so without inconvenience to ourselves; and this, not because I fear that any misfortune or untoward event would be the consequence of our refusal, but because the existence, continuation, and prevalence of these practices, greatly facilitate the researches of those who take an interest in penetrating into the more obscure and hidden recesses of human nature. If these little prejudices had never existed, or if they were forgotten and done away with, the world, it is true, might be neither better nor worse off than at present, but a great deal of curious and valuable information would infallibly have been lost.

With respect to the one under our present consideration, it appears to me to be not only perfectly harmless, but really, a very pretty, curious little notion;—by the way, I am surprised it never came under my notice before. What might have been its cause and origin, and whether there is, or is not, some moral or historical allusion couched under it, I am at present unable to determine; but my opinion, my dear, is, that it would have been better if you had not proceeded quite so hastily."

"You advocate the continuance of these absurd customs, then," said the doctor, "merely because some persons take a pleasure in collecting and recording them: all this would be mighty well if they were really as harmless as you seem to imagine; but such is not the fact, as I have good reason to know by my own experience. I cannot enter the chamber of a patient, without meeting a thousand of them; and, in fact, the nurses and old women are filled with them to such a degree, that I have sometimes been almost ready to declare, it would be doing a real service to our species to procure their banishment entirely, and the employment of men only in attendance upon the sick. They might prove rough nurses," continued he, addressing my mother, "but they would at least be manageable. I would have them tutored like the loblolly boys

on board a man of war, who, when an order is given, have no other answer than aye, aye, sir."

This discourse, whatever effect it had in convincing my mother of the feasibility of the proposed change in the medical department, completely settled my father in his opinion; for though he might previously have had some doubts, the first symptom of opposition determined him, at once, to defend the cause of his prejudices against all assailants.

The doctor was every whit as fond of an argument as my father. He had met him upon many a hot field of contention before, and being a plain matter of fact man, he frequently threw stumbling-blocks in the way of his antagonist, which gave him an infinite deal of trouble and perplexity; but to do my father justice, he generally managed to get round them in one way or another; at least, he was never known to give in. On this occasion he was particularly well prepared, having just finished an elaborate preface to accompany the first volume of his collection of prejudices. Both parties, therefore, prepared themselves for the contest, and the argument promised to be as memorable as any that ever happened in the annals of discussion, for each of the combatants had entrenched himself upon favourite ground, and was prepared to defend it to the very last extremity.

It is full time, however, we had looked after the

nurse, who left the room in such agitation, that she may by this time have hanged, or drowned herself, or committed some such desperate action.

Chapter III.

Containing some excellent advice to nurses, which is exemplified by the quarrel and reconciliation between Mrs. Simons and Mrs. Pots, and the consequences to myself.

My nurse, after leaving my mother's apartment, went immediately—where? to the orchard—the fish pond—the garret window!—no, no, don't anticipate me, if you please—she went immediately into the nursery, and after ascertaining that I was fast asleep, proceeded from thence into the kitchen, to superintend the decoction of a bowl of pap.

In most families, especially in the case of a first child, as it was my luck to be, the nurse is a person of considerable importance; holding a kind of middle station, between the mistress and the other servants. The only one of the latter who ever thinks of aspiring to the same level with her, is the cook, and she, only within the precincts of her own proper dominions, the kitchen. Here, indeed, she

may be said to reign predominant, not only over all housemaids and scullions, but even over the mistress herself, who is only allowed to enter at certain times, and look round upon the proceedings, by special favour and courtesy. I would, therefore, recommend all nurses to cultivate a good understanding with the cook, as by that means the affairs of the family will certainly go on with much greater harmony. Mrs. Simons was very well aware of the truth of this maxim, but her mind, unfortunately, was so taken up with her own troubles, that she either did not hear or did not understand the salutation that was uttered by Mrs. Pots at her entrance; whereat, that dignitary felt herself grievously offended.

Becky, without speaking to, or probably thinking of any one, set herself about mixing the due proportions of arrow-root, milk, and sugar, in a saucepan, and then directed it to be set down by the fire to boil.

This was just the opportunity that Mrs. Pots was waiting for. "The pap can't be made now, Mrs. Simons," said she, "the fire's full." "It will not take up much room, Mrs. Pots," said my nurse, "a few coals in the corner, or any where."

"The coals are all wanted for the beef-steaks, and you see the corners are both full of pots and skillets," interrupted the cook, shortly; busying

herself at the same time in probing a chicken that was boiling for my mother, with a look and action, that said as plainly as if she had taken an oath to that effect; "you shan't have a single speck of fire, to bless yourself with, Mrs. Simons! that I'm resolved on."

Now, many nurses would have taken fire at this, and there would have been the very devil to pay, directly, but Becky was all kindness and good nature. Though ignorant in what manner she had given offence, she recollected that 'a soft word turneth away wrath,' and one fortunately coming into her head at this moment, she made use of it.

"Ah! Mrs. Pots," said she, "if you knew what has happened to my poor child, I'm sure you would let me boil his pap." "Bless me!" exclaimed the cook, withdrawing her fork from the back of the chicken, and placing the point upon the ball of her thumb. Whether there is any thing in the nature of forks, or the manner in which they are made use of, that has a sedative effect upon the human passions, I am not prepared to say, but it is a fact, that the harder Mrs. Pots pressed the points upon the ball of her thumb, the less inclination did she feel to enter into a quarrel with my nurse. The struggle, however, was for a moment nearly equal; curiosity joined upon one side, offended dignity

upon the other. The affair was settled by a compromise.

"Bless me!" said she, "I would rather the beef steaks were burnt to a cinder, than the child should come to any harm; but when you come into my kitchen, Mrs. Simons, you ought to treat me with respect, and not decline to answer when I speak to you out of my politeness."

"If I did," said my nurse, holding up both her hands to enforce the asseveration, "heaven above knows, I did not intend it, Mrs. Pots."

"Then we are friends again," said the cook, "and now, my dear, tell me what has happened to little Jerry; you know how anxious I am to hear every thing about him!"

In this manner the whole business was amicably adjusted, and a place cleared for the saucepan without further difficulty; but, if the quarrel had lasted for a twelvemonth, I verily believe I should have been the gainer, and I do not know that I can conclude this chapter more profitably to the reader, than by making him acquainted with the reasons. Amongst the faculties I evinced when quite young, I had one in common with many other children, that of crying very often, and very lustily. The causes of this I have never been able perfectly to investigate; so that, whether it was owing to a quantity of straps and bandages, with which they

thought proper to envelop my abdominal viscera, in order to keep every thing in its proper place, or to something else, I cannot at present determine, but my nurse always concluded it was for want of something to eat.

"Poor little Jerry," she would say, "how hungry it is!" and instantly my mouth was stopped with a spoonful of arrow-root, or tapioca. I must have had a glorious appetite in this way, for the quantity required to keep my mouth shut, amounted to about a quart per diem; so that, if I had not fortunately possessed another faculty for returning it upon her hands nearly as fast as she administered it, I should infallibly have been choked to death out of sheer kindness.

Now, the advantage I should have gained by the quarrel between my nurse and Mrs. Pots, supposing it had lasted a twelvemonth, and the latter had held out stoutly during all that time, and allowed no pap to come near the fire, is simply this; I should have been spared the trouble of pumping up about ninety-one gallons and some odd pints in the course of that period.

Chapter IV.

How Mrs. Pots went into a brown study, and by that means found a remedy for the evils with which I was threatened, in the very nick of time.

It is curious to observe the different effects which an account of the same thing will have upon different persons; and there is no better example upon record than this very affair, which my nurse has just been recounting to Mrs. Pots. When my father heard it, he noted it down in his pocket-book; when I heard it myself, I scratched my head; when the reader hears it, I cannot tell what he may do; but when Mrs. Pots heard it, she immediately set herself down by the chimney corner, and went into a brown study.

Mrs. Simons took this opportunity to stir up the pap, which done, and finding Mrs. Pots still absorbed in her reverie, she drew up a rush-bottomed chair, and sat down beside her.

Now, I will venture to say, there is no place under heaven so favourable for contemplation as a kitchen fire-side; the gentle simmering of the pots, the hissing of the beef-steaks, the sputtering of the tea-kettle, and especially, madam, if you have a

spare scullion to scrub an accompaniment on a copper-kettle, there is nothing like it in nature. The purling rills, the gushing fountains, the quivering leaves, which some lass-lorn swains will talk to you about, are no more to be compared to it, than a rusty nail to a gridiron.

The best chapter in this whole book, (I leave the reader to exercise his judgment in guessing which it is) I wrote with one foot on the mantel-piece, and the other on the andiron, whilst Jenny Jobson was roasting clams on the fore-stick.

At length Mrs. Pots slowly raised her head from her hand. "It was unlucky," said she.

"It was very unlucky," replied my nurse.

"But not so bad as if it had been cracked," said Mrs. Pots.

"I hope, indeed, it was not," said my nurse.

"Was it all burned up?" said Mrs. Pots.

"It was all burned to a cinder," replied my nurse.

"That was bad—but for all that's come and gone, I think there might be something done yet," said Mrs. Pots.

"I wish to gracious there might," said my nurse.

"There can, I'm sure there can, Mrs. Simons," said the cook, with a smile of encouragement; "we must go to the parson, my dear."

"Do you think he can do any thing for the child?" said my nurse.

"Do I think! I know he can," said Mrs. Pots, who was a zealous member of the episcopal church; "for Mr. Saywell is a dear good man; and it was only last Sunday that he was preaching—I forget the text now, but I mind it was somewhere in Job; and he said, that when poor sinners were in trouble they should come unto him, and that we should turn away our thoughts, and not mind earthly things, but look to heavenly things; and so, Mrs. Simons, you must watch for the next that comes, and when you have catched it, we will get Mr. Saywell to fix it himself, and that between the Old and New Testament."

"Well, if you think so," said my nurse, "I am sure I am willing to do every thing in my power for the poor child, and as soon as I can find another"—

"I dare say you will find another before long," interrupted the cook.

"I dare say I shall," said my nurse, "and, at any rate, I am very much obliged to you for your advice, Mrs. Pots, for I feel my heart a pound lighter already."

This arrangement between Mrs. Simons and Mrs. Pots, was concluded in the very nick of time; for the last words were scarcely uttered by

my nurse, when I awoke, and setting up my pipes, obliged her to snatch up the saucepan and hasten to the nursery. As soon as she had succeeded in allaying my appetite with a teacup full of pap, she immediately took off my cap, and renewed her investigations upon my cranium.

Observe, now, upon what singular and capricious chances, the fate and fortunes of people in this world depend.

My nurse began her researches just over the protuberance of the occipital bone, and had scarcely proceeded an inch, before she discovered another settler, in nearly as good condition as the first. It is clear, therefore, that if I had waked a moment sooner, or if the argument between my nurse and Mrs. Pots had been protracted a moment later, he would have been cracked without mercy, and I should have been turned over to my unlucky stars for the rest of my days without hope of redemption. As matters stood, my nurse instantly emptied her little horn snuff-box, and putting the captive into it, tied on the lid with a piece of red tape, to prevent the possibility of an accident. She then laid the whole carefully by in her chest, until suitable preparations could be made to conduct him to the parson's.

Chapter V.

In which the reader is introduced to the learned Doctor Post, the most renowned character who ever appeared in Turkeytown.

It would certainly be one of the most useful discoveries in the art of book-making, if a method could be invented of telling a story without going backwards and forwards, so frequently as we are generally obliged to do. Or, to express my meaning more explicitly, I might say, if a method could be devised to keep all the dramatis personæ in a flock; for I am sure that no author ever yet came to the end of a book, without being monstrously vexed and perplexed at the difficulties which every now and then have presented themselves in the management of his different characters. A vulgar comparison is, perhaps, inconsistent with the narration of so grave and learned a history as the present, but I cannot refrain from observing, that it is exactly like driving a drove of stubborn pigs to market; except, indeed, that it is not quite so profitable. Whilst you are wearing out your legs and lungs, in endeavouring to urge one of them onwards, a dozen will loiter in the fence corners, and remain

there with the most provoking composure until you are at leisure to run back, and whip them along also.

I have made these observations thus early, because I can easily perceive that they will be frequently exemplified in the prosecution of my labours. But there is one consolation, which I most faithfully promise to myself and my readers, and it is, that though our journey may be long and vexatious, when we do come to the end, it shall be like the closing scene of a comedy; all our friends and acquaintances shall be brought together, and have one of the jolliest merrymakings that ever was known in this land of liberty; and before the curtain drops, they shall make their best bows to the spectators, and thank them most heartily for all the favours they have been so condescending as to bestow. And now, let us proceed, in a strain of sublimity suitable to the importance of the character who is about to appear upon the stage.

It was near the close of this momentous day, and bright beaming Phœbus was about to unharness his golden steeds, and to seek his nocturnal repose behind the western hills, when the gates of night had veiled his refulgent face; his yellow hair was still however streaming up the blue vault of heaven, when a person, mounted upon a black mare with two white feet and a long switch tail, was riding up the lane toward my father's house. It might have

been seen through the dusk, that he carried a small steeple crowned hat, attached to the back part of his head, the rim being nearly concealed in a profusion of long black hair, which emerged from under it at every side. He was a short, square built, middle aged man, dressed in a reputable suit of snuff-coloured cloth, who carried behind him a pair of large and well stuffed saddle-bags, by which symptom alone any child in the village could have informed us, that the personage in question was no other than Mr. Stubbs, a most remarkable man in his day, and better known by the name and title of Dr. Post. This latter appellative is said to have been invented by his learned friend, Mr. Peacock, for the reason, that in their practice, doctor Lavender was in the habit of managing the front, and his coadjutor the back door, which arrangement was found to be of very great advantage, for, in consequence of it, old death, that terrible enemy of the human race, met with rougher handling in the neighbourhood of Turkeytown, than in any other part of the known world. No sooner, indeed, would he attempt to lay so much as the weight of his finger upon one of the natives, than he was attacked with such fury both in front and rear, that he was commonly obliged to abandon his prey, and betake himself to other quarters. By the by, gentle reader, as the worthy doctor will hereafter be one

of our most intimate, and, as I trust, most amusing acquaintances, it may not be amiss in this place to give some preliminary account of his birth and breeding.

He was the only son of Jonathan Stubbs, who followed the blacksmithing trade, in a village at no great distance from Turkeytown, and was reputed to be an excellent workman, although some accused him of being rather too much addicted to the drinking of apple-toddy. Jonathan, however, positively declared that he took no more than was necessary to keep the colic out of his stomach, and, at all events, he throve well in the world, and manufactured excellent plough coulters, axes, hatchets, horse-shoes, and a variety of other nicknacks, greatly in demand in these parts; but, in the whole course of his labours, he never hammered out a more useless piece of mechanism than his son Levi promised to be.

The youth was at first destined to follow his father's trade, and he grew up so stout and brawny, that every one supposed he would make the sturdiest fellow with a sledge hammer in the whole country. But the most promising appearances are often fallacious; and so it happened in this case; for though his bodily qualifications might have answered extremely well, he evinced a most decided disinclination to apply them to any such vocation. His strongest passion was for the working of pop-

guns with a quill and potato, and curious whirligig machines, with the shell of a horse-chesnut. It was he who first discovered the art of making elder squirts, by extracting the pith, and, to the great astonishment of his mother, he actually succeeded in ejecting water with that implement to the distance of ten or fifteen feet.

The good woman was firmly impressed with an opinion that her son was born a genius, and thought it a pity that such fine talents should not be encouraged; but Jonathan declared he never saw any signs of sense in the boy, save and excepting his inclination for heating iron and dipping it into cold water, to ascertain how long it would continue to hiss. The old man, it is true, could not exactly see into the utility of the experiment, but as it was the only operation in smithery the youngster could by any means be persuaded to undertake, he encouraged it, in the hope that it would gradually lure him into a liking for the shop.

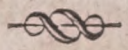
In the meantime young Levi was left pretty much to the direction of his mother; and under her auspices he pursued his studies at the village school, until he had acquired so much learning, that Deborah declared it would be a sin and a shame to make him a blacksmith, when the country was so much in want of lawyers and doctors. For her own part, she would have preferred the former profession,

but then it was necessarily attended with considerable expense; whilst he could easily be made apprentice to an apothecary, and, after handling the pestle for three or four years, it would be a poor story enough if he did not come out as good a doctor as the best of them. A doctor, then, she resolved he should be, and, notwithstanding a good deal of demurring on the part of her helpmate, the scheme was finally carried into effect.

But the young practitioner, after the expiration of his apprenticeship, did not by any means meet with the success his sanguine parents had anticipated. He soon pounded up the blacksmith-shop which descended to him after Jonathan's death, in fulminating powders, and other philosophical preparations of little profit; and being now in actual want, he gladly embraced a proposal of doctor Lavender, whose practice was extensive and laborious, to serve him in the quality of an assistant. In this sphere he soon proved himself an adept; he could make pills and julaps, bleed, blister, and administer an enema with great dexterity, so that in a little time he rendered himself so useful, my uncle would have found it a difficult thing to get along without him. Upon his skill in the last named operation, he particularly prided himself, and, in fact, it was generally said he performed it with a grace and celerity almost inimitable.

We have only one thing more to remark of him at present, which is, that though his talents were certainly none of the brightest, he possessed an inexhaustible fund of good humour, and was a great favourite with my father; an advantage which was most probably bought by the admiration and support he was at all times ready to yield to any doctrine which the latter thought fit to promulgate.

Such, then, gentle reader, was the personage, who sometime after sunset hitched his horse to the garden pales, and taking his saddle-bags on his arm, proceeded to the room where my father has been for the last half hour warmly engaged in the defence of his prejudices.



Chapter VI.

In which is continued the sublime discussion between my father and doctor Lavender; and how it was unfortunately interrupted by Susan, the chambermaid.

When doctor Post entered the room, my father was standing with one hand resting upon a pile of books, which lay upon the table, and the forefinger of the other placed against the side of his nose.

His face was turned towards the door with an inquiring look, which changed as he motioned the new comer to a seat; then, addressing the doctor, he continued as follows.

"Yes, sir, one thousand two hundred and forty four reverences, according to the account of Alban Butler, did St. Simeon make in one day. Now what, in the name of common sense, could have induced the holy man to exercise himself in such a manner? Would he have done so had there been no more meaning or signification attached to a bow, than the mere mechanical gesticulation? Is it not infinitely more probable that St. Simeon bowed, because a bow was considered symbolical of respect and homage? And what could have rendered a bow more symptomatic of respect than any other motion, as a shake of the head or of the foot, but a long continuance and prevalence of the custom of so considering it? Then, again, we have a notable example in the sacred records, where Joshua, after crossing the river Jordan, caused his whole army, to the number of forty thousand, to be circumcised, before he advanced to the siege of Jericho."

"But what has all this to do with the old women?" said the doctor.

"The old women!" said my father.

"Aye, the old women," rejoined the doctor.

"But we were speaking of the louse," said my father.

"Of its circumcision?" returned his opponent, with a smile of triumph.

"No, certainly not," said my father, "I mention these circumstances as an exemplification of the great antiquity of many customs, and of the veneration in which they always have been held."

"It has no more to do with the question than the man in the moon," cried the doctor.

"It is remote from the subject, I grant you," replied my father, "but what then; in considering the external form, shape, or colour, of an object, would you reject the light of the sun, because it is transmitted from a distance of ninety millions of miles? On the contrary, if that luminary could be moved nearer to the eye, the effect would be to dazzle and confound it. Therefore, judging by analogy and comparison, as we must do, of every thing in this sublunary world, the testimony of Joshua and St. Simeon are to be preferred for the very reasons which you object to them. I consider the human mind as a kind of lens, in which the rays of light coming from every quarter, no matter how distant, are, or ought to be, converged and thrown in a focus upon the subject to be considered. By this means, if there be light enough, we shall infallibly elicit truth; in the same manner as the com-

mon lens, when the sun shines, will communicate fire to a combustible substance."

"Why this is equal to your old theory of excitement," exclaimed the doctor; "no doubt your lens would be more powerful than that of Archimedes, if you could but invent some method to manage it. But now I think of it, pray tell me, what was the result of that grand scheme of yours—how many converts did you make to the new system of pleasure?"

This was a hit at one of the hypotheses of my father, by which he attempted to prove, that pain being but an increase of the same sensations that produced pleasure, must in reality be the same thing. He had, some time since, however, turned this over to doctor Post, whose head, in fact, served my father as a kind of spare storehouse, receiving and retaining many of his odd whims and notions, long after he had forgotten them himself. The latter perceiving my father put to a stand by his abrupt question, took it upon him to make answer as follows.

"Craving your leave, gentlemen," said he, "I would observe, that it appears to me altogether inexplicable, in a world where the principal business and occupation of our lives, consists in the search after happiness and pleasure, and where that object is attended with so much difficulty, that not one in

ten are found to be successful; I say, it appears altogether inexplicable that the public should reject a plan which must certainly remove every obstruction, and make every accident and circumstance in life conducive to that desirable end. Did not the glorious Anaxarchus, when pounded in a mortar by command of the barbarous king of Cyprus, cry out, 'pound as long as thou wilt upon the body of Anaxarchus, himself thou canst not hurt!' "

At this moment a most violent explosion in the entry arrested the attention of the whole party. It was followed by another, and another, each louder than the first, and presently the door, which was ajar, flew open, and Susan, the chambermaid, staggered into the room.

"What is the matter?" said my father. The same question was repeated by every one present.

The chambermaid raised her head to reply, but her face instantly became black, the corners of her mouth were drawn up convulsively, her eyelids closed, and her alæ nasi became dilated—and, then down went her head again with the force of a sledge hammer. As her head went down, her hands very naturally flew up, and one of them letting loose a towel which it contained, the latter was directed by chance (who I believe likes to meddle in all kinds of mischief) immediately into the face of doctor Post.

"Zooks," cried the doctor, springing up with such

unphilosophical haste, that he overturned the tea-table with all its appurtenances.

The apartment was at once in a state of utter confusion. My mother screamed—my father roared for a basin of water—doctor Lavender recommended patience—and doctor Post and the chambermaid sneezed a duetto.

To explain this unfortunate interruption we must go back a little. When my nurse emptied her little horn snuff box, which you will recollect she did to make room for the louse, she, like a careful woman, instead of throwing away the contents, deposited them in the corner of a towel, which she left laying upon a chair. The chambermaid, in the course of her peregrinations, sometime after, observed this towel, and thinking it required washing, was conveying it to the kitchen for that purpose, when she found the passage obstructed by the sound of voices issuing through the partly open door of the apartment. Being, of course, under the necessity of stopping, she felt laudably anxious that the interesting conversation within should not be interrupted by any noise on her part, not even by the sound of her breath; but in applying the towel to her mouth, for the purpose of stifling it, she unluckily brought her nose into contact with the hidden deposit, which instantly operated with such

violence that she was forced involuntarily into the room.

At the complication of noises produced by this accident, the whole household came tumbling up stairs with great precipitation, but not one of the members thereof had thought proper to obey my father's orders for a basin of water.

"Water! water! water!" roared my father, "bring a basin of water."

"Run, Jenny, for your life," cried my mother.

"And do you hear! put a little milk into it," said the doctor.

"Make it milk-warm," cried my nurse.

"You will find some hot water in the copper kettle," said the cook.

Jenny Jobson, a strapping kitchen wench, thus objurgated on all sides, ran, or rather tumbled down stairs again, in such haste, that, ere she arrived at the bottom, she had shaken her directions into such confusion, that it was necessary to stop and consider what was to be done. She scratched her head for sometime to recall the scattered ideas, but it was in vain; she only remembered the last words of the cook, 'hot water in the copper kettle;' so, catching up a basin, she filled it from that vessel, and immediately ran back to present it.

She did not present it, however, but, luckily,

perhaps, for our pill-maker, was interrupted on her passage.

Chapter VII.

Containing some profound reflections by the author, together with lawyer Littlecoke's adventures in a dark entry.

There has an observation just come into my head, which I will transfer into this chapter, if it is only for the honour of Turkeytown. Which is, that whilst chance, or fate, or fortune, or whatever you may choose to call the power which holds the management of our destinies, is driving the whole human family, higgledy-piggledy, along the road of time, there is scarcely a family or group in the whole drove, that is not so much engaged in scrambling over the impediments in their own route, as entirely to forget that all the world is scrambling along in the same manner; and, therefore, if any of their neighbours happen to stumble against them, they are as much astonished as if such an event was not the very thing they ought to have expected. If I should part with my chum at Princeton, and after the lapse of a few years, meet with him again upon

the coast of Africa, neither of us would be much surprised at being in that distant region, but each would be greatly so to find his companion there. We easily become naturalized to almost any novelties, that present themselves in our path through life, for they are linked together in a gradual and progressive chain, and each successive step prepares us for that which is to follow; but our attention is directed to the concerns of other people, only at different and distant intervals, and we are, consequently, greatly astonished at many of their accidents and changes. Mr. Littlecoke had, therefore, no great reason to wonder, even if a riot had actually broken out, for my father was as choleric in his temperament as the common run of people, and such a thing might have happened in his house as well as another.

But, the fact was, Mr. Littlecoke was the only lawyer in all Turkeytown; and this was the circumstance which led me into the above profound observations, for if he had had half a dozen competitors, I should not have troubled my head to account for it.

For some things, however, there is no accounting, and, if the reader finds it difficult to account for any of my nonsense, I beg him to charge it to the arch fiend at once, for I hold with the arch-

bishop of Benevento,* that the process of writing a book is one continued struggle between the author and the devil, who is eternally whispering in your ear some odd notion or other of his own; and, as we have not quite so much time to bestow upon our sentences as his grace had upon his, there is no telling but that some of these suggestions may slip in without our knowledge. We must proceed at a venture.

The noise had no sooner commenced in my mother's apartment, than Mr. Littlecoke's hand was upon the latch of the front door. After knocking once or twice, and finding no one answered his summons, he determined to waive ceremony, and make the best of his way alone, for the noise increased every instant, and, in his opinion, indicated an assault and battery at the very least. His design, however, of making his way to the scene of contention, was not so easily to be executed, as he at first imagined, for my father's house had been built after a model invented by himself, and was as full of complicated and curious contrivances as can well be conceived.

If Mr. Littlecoke had taken the left hand staircase, he would probably have found no difficulty; but, as fate would have it, he took the right, and after proceeding up one flight of steps, and down

* John De La Casse, author of the Galatea.

another, and twisting about through divers chambers, without meeting a soul, he found himself completely bewildered. There was but one passage that promised to extricate him, and that was extremely dark, but, after some little hesitation, he resolved to make trial of it. He thought it prudent, however, to go down upon his knees, in order to guard against any precipitate descent, a precaution which my father's method of building houses, rendered by no means superfluous.

Still, Mr. Littlecoke considered it adviseable to proceed with great deliberation; moving, first, one hand cautiously forward, then one knee, then the other hand, and then the other knee, keeping his head elevated at an angle of about forty degrees, and one ear a little inclined upwards, in order to catch the least sound that might be stirring. He, at first, heard only that which proceeded from my mother's chamber, but, by the time he had made three or four progressive movements of this nature, a noise soon became audible at the other end of the passage: and such a noise, too, that he could not for his soul conceive what it might be. There was a sort of rustling and rushing, and it approached so rapidly, that in a moment it was within two yards of him.

"Ha! I! O!" said Mr. Littlecoke—he had no time to say more, for at that very instant a pair of

feet came into contact with his abdominal muscles, so forcibly, that, as he himself declared, every breath of air was driven out of his body. This, as a medical gentleman afterwards explained to me, was very possible, for a compression of the external and internal oblique muscles, forces up the liver, stomach, and other viscera, which in turn elevate the diaphragm, which presses upon the small air cells of the lungs, and forces the wind upwards through the bronchia into the trachea, and from thence through the rhyma glotidis into the mouth and nostrils.

But, if Mr. Littlecoke found himself deprived of utterance, the case was different with Jenny Jobson, who lay extended at full length a few yards beyond him. Jenny would not have minded the fall a pin, for she had escaped the hot water by a kind of miracle—but as soon as she found herself prostrated on the floor, she began to reflect upon the cause and nature of the accident. Though not in general much given to contemplation, her ideas upon this occasion went and came with wonderful rapidity. It was perfectly evident to her, that she had fallen over something, and she was under the impression that that something was a man; but then it might be either a living man, or a dead man, or the ghost of a man; and in any one of these cases there

was, in Jenny's opinion, sufficient cause for crying murder!

Whilst Jenny Jobson was revolving these things in her mind, the lawyer's head was at work also, and, what is curious, formed a very similar kind of syllogism. It was evident that he had been kicked, and that somebody had kicked him, but who it was, was not quite so plain. He, however, came to the conclusion that the noise would soon bring the family to the spot, and that his situation, to say the least of it, was sufficiently ridiculous.

Now ridicule, as Mr. Littlecoke well knew, is, of all things, the most fatal to the character of a professional man—to be caught lying in a dark entry with a female, and she crying murder! what constructions might not evil disposed persons put upon the thing. And the woman, too, if she should take it into her head to swear a rape against him, and he had known it done upon slighter grounds, how would it be possible for him to prove his innocence? He would be cast, degraded, and fined.

When Mr. Littlecoke had got thus far with his thoughts, he turned himself about, on his hands and knees, and began to crawl back again.

Chapter VIII.

How my father proceeded to the relief of Jenny Jobson—and the conclusions which were formed by all parties respecting these accidents.

To those who are fond of contemplating the workings of nature, in her master-piece, man, there are few circumstances so trivial, as to be utterly unworthy of observation. Some wise men can discover the characters of their neighbours by the bumps on their skulls, and some wise women can foretell the weather by the spots on a goose's breast bone, but, for my part, I have neither knowledge nor belief in these arts; I am, indeed, of opinion, that if those who have an opportunity of being near extraordinary men, would furnish us with an accurate account of their manner of sneezing, it would be of infinitely more service, than a description of their cranial protuberances. The mind will develop itself in action, and it is probably from this cause, that people differ so much in the method with which they go through the operation. Some sneeze impatiently, some sullenly, and some laughably, but doctor Post sneezed philosophically. After the first shock, it was, in truth, a pleasure to see him. There was no casting of his arms this way,

and his legs that, but every member moved in harmony and concert, until, at length, he found leisure to wipe the snuff from his face, and was about to thank Susan for the comfort he had enjoyed, when the crash, caused by the overthrow of Jenny Jobson in the entry, directed the attention of the company to a new subject.

"What in the name of heaven! can be the matter now?" cried my father. "I really think the whole family has gone mad. Some of you go and see what ails the wench."

"She has broken the basin," said my mother.

"I hope to God, she has broken her head, too," said my father. "Aye, there it is—'murder, murder.'"

In fact, the cries of Jenny now bid fair to alarm the whole neighbourhood, and it was necessary for my father to proceed to the investigation of the cause himself, for the nurse, cook, and chambermaid, one and all, declined going upon any such expedition. On the contrary, they huddled round my mother, and soon communicated their alarm to her.

"Do not go, Jediah," said she, as my father laid his hand upon the candlestick, "for heaven's sake, do not go; it may be a housebreaker, with an axe or a long knife—you must not go."

"Pooh!" said my father, "what is to be done,

then, if it is a housebreaker, with an axe or a long knife; is he to stay in the entry all night?"

"Open the window, and call for John Jobson to bring his gun," said my mother.

Women are said to be very fruitful in expedients, and, certainly, it would appear so, for if there had been ever so much danger, my father might have cogitated a long time without hitting upon so good a plan. It would have outflanked the enemy completely; who, thus having John Jobson, with his long duck gun, in the rear, and a strong garrison in front, must have been as brave as Julius Cæsar, if he could have stood it.

My father, however, upon the present occasion did not consider it necessary to call in foreign assistance; but when my mother found that he was determined upon the adventure, and that both the gentlemen were about to accompany him, another difficulty arose. She was not well enough to accompany the party, and had no inclination to remain in garrison by herself; neither would she permit my father to weaken his detachment, unless the cook and chambermaid could be prevailed upon to go forward in the place of doctor Post, who, in that case, was to be left behind as guard. This composition was not thought feasible, either by Susan or Mrs. Pots, so that, if my father had not broken up the council, by telling them they were

all a parcel of fools, poor Jenny Jobson might have been murdered and ravished by the housebreaker before a plan could have been determined on for her relief. Close beside the door, he found the relics of the broken basin, and at a little distance beyond it lay the distressed damsel, who, finding her first cries unattended to, had now become perfectly quiet, only taking the precaution to envelop her head closely in the folds of her apron. The housebreaker was not visible, for he had somehow or other found much less difficulty in getting out than in getting in, and was at this very moment making the best of his way towards the Turkey tavern.

Jenny Jobson, however, was not aware of this fact, and, consequently, when my father laid his hand upon her arm, she very naturally concluded that the ghost, or the man, or whatever it was, had actually come to close quarters. In this extremity, the best resource that presented itself to her mind, was to cry 'murder' again, which she did with such effect, that the little patience my father still possessed, was put to flight in an instant.

"Be quiet," said he, shaking her arm pretty roughly.

"I am a poor sinner," simpered Jenny.

"You are a poor fool," said my father, "get up and go about your business." He enforced these words by dragging the apron from her eyes; upon

which, Jenny, perceiving it was only her master, took heart of grace in a moment.

"If the basin's broke," said she, beginning to gather up the fragments, "I can't help it. I can carry a basin as well as another woman, but if the house is haunted, the worse for them that live in it, that's all I can say!"

It is probable that Jenny, notwithstanding her assertion to the contrary, would have contrived to say a good deal more upon the subject, had not my father prevented it by fairly kicking her down stairs.

"I think the deuce is amongst the women," said my father, upon his return; "was ever such carryings on known in a quiet family?"

"They are all owing to these foolish prejudices," said the doctor.

"If you could prove that," said my father, alarmed for the fate of his theory.

"If I could prove it!" said the doctor, "I can prove it, and that in a dozen words. If the silly nurse had not emptied her snuff box to make room for the louse, its contents would not have been thrown into the face of Mr. Stubbs; if it had not been thrown in his face, the kitchen wench would not have been sent after the water, and, of course, would not have tumbled on the ghost in the entry."

As the doctor uttered these words with an air of

triumph, he took up his hat to depart, which was treating my father rather unfairly, for, though circumstances had run strongly against him, he was not cast down for all that; on the contrary, if he had only been allowed sufficient time, I am confident, he would have stood his ground most manfully.

A conclave which was held the same night in my nurse's chamber, came to a conclusion somewhat different. After a careful investigation of the circumstances, it was decided, nem. con., that all this train of accidents was owing, and of right ought to be attributed, to the unlucky catastrophe of the first louse; "for," said Mrs. Pots, "if the poor creature had not been thrown in the fire, the other would'nt have been catched, or, if it had been catched, it would have been cracked, and there would have been the end on't." It furthermore appeared to them highly probable, that the ghost which overthrew Jenny Jobson in the entry, was either the ghost of the said louse, greatly augmented in size, or otherwise it was some other ghost, suborned and stationed there, by the power and machinations of the said ghost of the louse.

It was also settled and agreed upon, that unless something could be done to remedy the evil, there would be no end to these mistakes and accidents; in short, that the house would be utterly unfit to live in. The result of the whole, was a resolution that

the nurse and Mrs. Pots should repair to the house of the parson, as early in the morning as practicable; and, after the proper ceremonies had been gone through with, have the louse introduced into the Bible with all possible expedition.

Chapter IX.

In which the author takes a flight to the world of spirits, in order to relieve himself of a great embarrassment—and then goes on to describe a morning scene in bed.

I wish this affair of the louse was done with; I am sick and tired of it. The very necessity I am under of mentioning the name of the animal so often, is exceedingly disagreeable, for whether I put only the first and last letters, with a dash between them, or write it out full and fairly, it still communicates the same unpleasant ideas. The first, it is true, is a sly way of doing the thing, but the only effect that I can perceive in it, is to cause the mind to pause and consider upon it, whilst the word itself may be read over easily and without much notice.

It is for this reason, my dear reader, and not

from any want of modesty, that I usually write out the whole five letters, and that, too, as plainly as I can, that you may meet with no impediment whatever, in your passage over them. This appeared to me the most eligible plan, after several hours' careful reflection upon the subject. One other expedient, indeed, presented itself to my mind, which, if it could have been carried into effect, would have been still better; but so many difficulties arose in the way that I was forced to abandon it. This was, to introduce the insect under a new name, and place an explanatory note at the bottom of the page —for instance, I might have called it a hophogisthus, which, being referred to the note, might there be explained as decently as possible. But, then, the misfortune was, I had no knowledge of the dead languages. Now hophogisthus, for any thing I know, may be Greek or Latin, and the schoolmasters and critics might puzzle something out of it, which would play the very deuce with my book and me too. "No, no, give me plain English," said I to myself, "I will call it John, James, or Jacob, which in fact will be preferable, for it will make a personification, and a personification is one of the neatest operations in rhetoric.

Whenever I am about to ponder deeply upon an important question of this kind, I usually, after lighting a cigar, place my pen behind my ear, and

my legs upon the table; and then, commending myself to the protection of the stars, launch at once into the world of spirits, and there remain until every thing is settled and arranged to my satisfaction. This would answer an excellent purpose, was it not that you are generally beset there by swarms of troublesome little imps which fly about so thick, that, unless you take measures to expel them, they generally succeed in abstracting your whole attention. If this happens, it is a gone case; around you they swim in innumerable swarms; your eyes follow them round and round; your head grows giddy; the hum of their wings sounds in your ears like a rivulet of poppy juice—hum, drum—fancy is wading across it, with an old hat on a broomstick—cows walking on three legs—broken pitchers—a rusty fork—down—down—down—down goes your head, and you are as sound as a rock.

The best defence I have ever found against these somniferous little spirits, is a quarto Bible, which should always be carried in the right hand, when on an expedition of this nature. It may be relied upon as a certain protection; for, at the very instant your head begins to swim and grow giddy, some hidden virtue in the book causes your fingers to unclasp, and it falls to the floor with a 'bang,' which frightens away all the little imps in a jiffy.

Besides this, the Bible is well known to be won-

derfully efficacious in repelling the various other kinds of evil spirits that are liable to assail you in those unknown regions; and I candidly believe that by neglecting to take it with me upon this occasion, I very narrowly escaped a snare laid for my destruction, by the very prince and father of all evil, 'he who goes about like a roaring lion.' What else could have put the idea of a personification in my head, I cannot imagine—suppose I had called the louse John, James, or Jacob what would have been the consequence?—why, I should have had all the Johns, Jameses, or Jacobs in the world, in arms against me at once. They would have sworn it was a vile and slanderous attempt to personify them. I should have had my head broken, my ears pulled—in short, if I had not put the wrong end of the cigar in my mouth at the very moment I did, heaven only knows what would have happened. The smart convinced me, that it was time to quit these sleepy lucubrations, and proceed to the matters more particularly appertaining to this incomparable history.

Soon after daylight, the next morning, I was carried, according to custom, to my mother's chamber, where I had no sooner arrived, than the good lady exclaimed in a voice of alarm, "Lord, preserve us, what can be the matter with the child? he has got

the hives as sure as can be—Jediah, my dear; Jediah!"

"What, my dear!" said my father, rubbing his eyes.

"You must send for the doctor directly," said my mother, "little Jerry has got the hives; only look at his face! it is covered all over with blotches as big as the end of my little finger."

"O! it is only the heat, I dare say," said my father.

"It is not the heat, my dear," said my mother, "I'm sure it is not; where is Jacob? let him go after doctor Lavender immediately—nurse, pray tell Jacob to come here directly."

My nurse went out, and soon returned with the information that Jacob had gone to mill in the cart.

"Well, never mind," said my father, "it will be time enough after breakfast."

"But what if the child should die," said my mother.

"Why did'nt you tell me of this sooner, Mrs. Simons? I'm sure it was very careless in you; I never saw such blotches upon a child's face, in all the days of my life."

"They did'nt come out till this morning, mem," answered Mrs. Simons.

Now this was a little fib, on the part of my nurse, who could have explained the matter well enough,

if she had been so disposed; but, for certain reasons, she preferred having the blotches ascribed to the hives. The truth was, during the hurry and confusion of the preceding evening, my cradle had been left uncovered in the nursery; and just about the time that Jenny Jobson was visited by the ghost, I was visited by a swarm of hungry moschettos, which eagerly embraced the opportunity to feast themselves at my expense. My cries at that time availed nothing, so that the intruders were suffered to enjoy themselves for about fifteen minutes, without much interruption, which, I think, might have explained my appearance next morning very philosophically. My mother, however, was thoroughly alarmed. "Can't you step over to the doctor's yourself, my dear?" said she.

"Umph! here is a pretty business," said my father.

"You know it is but a short mile across the meadows!" continued my mother.

"A short mile is a long walk before breakfast," said my father, turning himself over, "and you know, my dear, I have just got the better of my rheumatism."

"But if little Jerry should die, I'm sure you would never forgive yourself," said my mother.

"I see no signs of death," said he.

"Ah! so they all thought of Betsy Miller's child,

only two hours before he was a corpse," said my mother.

My father instantly threw himself out of bed, and laid hold of the waistband of his breeches. "So much for getting children," said he, as he thrust in the first leg. In his own heart he did not believe there was much the matter with me; and he would have argued the matter over with my mother, had he not been perfectly aware, that when her passions or feelings were excited, she never would listen to argument. This always embarrassed the good man excessively, for in an encounter of this kind, his asseverations, rebuffs, and explanations, were entirely thrown away; my mother did not regard them a pin, but went straight on to her point, without even so much as hearing them. If my father chanced to prove more obstinate than usual, she had then two expedients in reserve, which seldom failed of success. These were, either to bring in the case of Betsy Miller's child, or to shed tears; for, in either of these cases, he would invariably twitch up the waistband of his breeches, (he wore them without suspenders,) and give up at once.

The morning chanced to be unusually fine, and my father, though he commenced his journey with a few pshaws and pishes, soon regained his equanimity, and even began to consider a walk before breakfast as no such great hardship. He had, be-

sides, an important question upon his mind, which required settlement, and this was an excellent opportunity.

It was his custom, when not otherwise provided, to read over every evening a passage from some author, that he might be furnished with a convenient subject to exercise his mind upon, during the intervals of slumber; and in the last night's exercise, he had came across the following. "Henry IV. of France, one day pursuing the chase, became separated from his companions, and was riding alone. Passing near to a small cottage, he perceived a peasant girl sitting by the side of the well, upon which he immediately drew out his purse, and gave her ten crowns." There was no reason assigned, why the king should have given the peasant girl ten crowns, and this was precisely the reason that my father admired the anecdote. He only asked of an author, to be furnished with facts; as for the causes, he loved to puzzle them out himself, or, if he was unable to do so, he would not have valued them a sixpence.

"Why should the king of France have given this peasant girl ten crowns," said he to himself, and he immediately set about resolving the question in good earnest. Now, to do this, it was necessary, in his opinion, to consider who the king of France was, his nature, and his disposition, whe-

ther his pockets were uncommonly full in the morning when he rode out to hunt, whether he was remarkably fond of peasant girls, or any other girls, and so many other matters relative to the subject in hand, that though he had seated himself upon a log above two hours, for the purpose of reflecting at greater ease, he arrived at the house before he had got half through with it.

Chapter X.

In which my father arrives at his journey's end, and a new character is introduced to the reader.

The house at which my father arrived, was a small, but very neat brick building, surrounded by a grove of cedar, and other forest trees. His mind was so much absorbed with the case of the king of France and the peasant girl, that he neither perceived the house itself, nor a gentleman who was walking before the door, until he was accosted by the latter.

My father returned his salutation with symptoms of surprise. "Good morning, Mr. Saywell," said

he, "I am glad to meet with you, but what brought you from home so early, pray?"

"Now that is exactly the question I should have asked you," said the other, "for myself, you see I am not twenty paces from my own door, whilst you must have walked more than a mile."

At this my father looked around him again, and scratched his head. He plainly perceived that something was wrong, though he could not discover what it was. A little irritation on the outside of the cranium, has sometimes a great effect in stirring up the ideas within. A physiologist would probably account for it, by proving some kind of sympathetic connexion, but I shall confine myself to the matter of fact, and not trouble my head to account for it at all. When my father had scratched his head sufficiently, he spoke as follows.

"Would you believe it," said he, "a strange fancy came across me just now. I thought that the doctor lived in this house of yours, and that my wife had sent me after him, for some purpose or other; I am glad it is a mistake though."

The fact was, my father had missed his way completely, and come to the wrong place; but, though he probably felt somewhat dubious of the veracity of his memory, the ideas of the nurse, my mother, and myself, were all so twisted and intermingled with his more important reflections upon the gene-

rosity of Henry IV. to the peasant girl, that he could not ascertain with what precise object he had set out, without unravelling the whole of the latter; which was a thing not to be thought of. He concluded rather to stay and partake of the parson's breakfast, which a servant informed them was just ready, without puzzling his brain any further about it; and whilst they are engaged at this agreeable occupation, we shall take the opportunity to describe briefly the character of his host.

Mr. Saywell was a middle aged man, in person small and spare, but his countenance was full of vivacity and intelligence. He differed chiefly from the generality of his brethren of the cloth, in believing that there were many things in this world with which a man might lawfully enjoy himself, and he cared not a copper farthing who knew it. He therefore took no pains, in drawing down the corners of his mouth, and rolling up his eye-balls to the common standard of clerical gravity, for he always looked upon such acts as symptoms either of hypocrisy or fanaticism. He could see no reason why a minister of the gospel should act the part of a living ghost, and stalk through a world of God's own creation with contempt and dissatisfaction. On the contrary, the cream of his philosophy, was, to eat, drink, be merry and thankful; and happily, as he was possessed of a snug annual income, and a

wife that made cheese, butter and sausages in perfection, he was enabled to follow it up to his heart's content; and, what may appear very extraordinary to some persons, it was proved by his example, that such a course of life was not at all inconsistent with the practice of charity, benevolence, and several other Christian virtues. Once or twice a month there was a roast turkey, or a pair of fat fowls, or a surloin of beef from a butcher's cart, or a saddle of venison from the green woods, trussed up with excellent sauces upon the table; and when his guests were tired of their knives and forks, Mr. Saywell could generally produce a bottle of good wine, with a song and a jest, that infallibly brought cheerfulness to the aid of digestion; and it was seldom that any one who left his table ever complained of the effects of his hospitality.

Chapter XI.

In which the dangerous qualities of a certain feminine species of garment is exemplified by three good stories and a dreadful accident; all of which, however, are found to terminate in the triumph of philosophy.

My father, setting aside his walk, commonly

managed his teeth extremely well; in which respect, I am proud to say, I have taken after him wonderfully; for whatever some superficial people may tell us to the contrary, there is nothing like good feeding. If I was set to make a good citizen, a good author, or a good man, his gastric organs should never lack a sufficient stock of nutriment, whereat the animal spirits might dip in and refresh themselves, so as to go about their business cheerfully. It is your poor, lean, rawboned looking fellows, that create all the mischief in the world; and little wonder is it, for the stomach containing nothing but wind, the ill humours are set to work, which, becoming flatulent, ascend into the brain, and there swell, and puff, and sputter, until there is no more jollity and honest good humour in the whole cerebrum, than there is savour in a rotten apple. The Chinese, are, I think, the only people in the world, who have got hold of this important truth. Amongst that nation, a man is valued in proportion to the size of his belly—one that requires the constant assistance of both hands to support it, is esteemed equal to a patent of nobility. But let us return to our narrative.

When my father had done sufficient honour to the repast at which we left him, his host proposed, as the weather was warm, to walk out to the shade of the neighbouring trees, where their conversa-

tion might be continued with greater comfort. Near the door they observed a man standing in the sun, and very busily engaged in fanning himself with his hat. From the appearance of his costume, it seemed probable that he might have borne without injury a much fresher breeze, than he was by this means enabled to raise; for, though it was in the middle of July, he was clothed in a jacket of thick gray cloth, with corduroy breeches, and woollen hose to correspond. Upon seeing the clergyman and my father, he approached with his hat in his hand to make his reverence, and, though the big drops of sweat were rolling fast from his forehead, there was a look of honest pride and satisfaction upon his countenance, which had probably been inspired by the nature of his errand.

"Mr. Saywell," said he, with a strong Hibernian accent, "I have brought over a wee bag of peraties, with my respects to ye, if your reverence would condacend to accept them jist."

"With pleasure, Patrick," replied the clergyman, "but it must be on condition that you will take off that jacket, and stand in the shade."

"But would that be dacent before jointlemen?" said Patrick, scratching his head.

"O! very decent," answered the parson, "you must remember it is the custom in this climate; you

have no such hot weather as this in the old country."

"Arrah! sure your reverence is jesting now!" cried Pat, with an incredulous air, "haven't I seen a peratie boiled on the bare ground by the haet of the sun jist? fath! and there's as het weather, and hetter, in ould Ireland, than in any other country in the houl warld."

"That is impossible, Patrick," said my father, "for, as Ireland is situated in a high latitude, the sun cannot act so powerfully there, as upon those countries which are immediately under his path."

"But that difficulty may be got over," observed Mr. Saywell. "What if the Irishmen have a sun of their own!"

"A sun of their own!" exclaimed my father.

"Fath, have we, a sun of our own, as his reverence says," cried Pat, "and a beautiful sun it is, too; och! and it would come and look down upon my own little town of Kilkinpenny so swate and so pretty, that never a cloud of them dared to come near him at all!"

"At least," replied Mr. Saywell, "an Irishman may be said to be possessed of a sun in his own good nature, a sun that gives him a light heart, warm feelings, and generous sentiments; and that is a sun to boast of."

Some persons may, from this speech, be induced

to think that Mr. Saywell carried some Irish blood in his own veins, but such was not the fact; his ancestors, as he has often told me, were natives of the free town of Hamburgh, where they were famous for the manufacture of wooden men and horses. Honest Patrick received the compliment paid to his countrymen with as much satisfaction and glee, as if it had been worth a handful of guineas to his own pocket. "Your reverence," said he, "has been a kind friend til Judy and me"——

The parson laid his finger upon his lip.

"Well," continued Pat, hastily, "since your reverence don't like the word, why divel burn my tongue if I spake it."

"You might have omitted the imprecation," said Mr. Saywell, gravely, "and yet," continued he, turning to my father, "the sentiment proceeds from true politeness. If you put yourself to a trifling inconvenience to serve some persons, they will put you to twice as much more by compelling you to listen to an endless string of thanks. And now, Pat, we will look at this present of your's, for I love to see a fine potato, as well as an Irishman."

"With your lave, jointlemen," cried Pat, quickly, "I'll jist empty them first."

"I will show you a place," said the parson.

Upon this, Pat put on his hat, and led the way, though with evident symptoms of reluctance. The

cause of this was fully revealed, when they came to the place where he had deposited them. It arose from his desire to keep the article which contained them out of view, for it proved to be nothing more or less than one of Judy's red flannel petticoats.

"It is a queer thing to put peraties intil a petticoat," said he, fidgeting about, and twisting his hat, which he had again taken off, into divers shapes, "but when I got up this morning to bring them, jointlemen, there was never a bag to be found in the house, and I says til Judy, Judy, says I, here's the wee pile of peraties that is jist biding to be carried over to his reverence, and the divel a bag is there to be had at all! Och! now, says Judy, says she, don't be after telling me that, Patrick M'Kenny, for his reverence is a dare good man, and the divel a peratie shall ye have for yourself til ye take em; and so you must jist pit them intil my own red petticoat, for its clane, and it'l make as good a bag as ye'l find, I think."

"And so it is," said the parson, when Patrick had concluded his apology, "it is an excellent bag to all intents and purposes; and I will venture to say, there never was a petticoat, since Eve first invented them of fig leaves, filled with more peaceable materials."

"I am a little apt," said my father, "to be suspicious of a petticoat any where, or under any cir-

cumstances; it looks peaceable enough now, to be sure, but no one can tell what mischief may be brewing in it, for all. It was only last winter that I was nearly smoked out of the house by one of my wife's, that had by some means or other got thrust up the chimney. The fault was all attributed to my new invented backs and jambs, and thus the best improvement in the construction of fire places that has been invented since the time of Rumford, was thrown into discredit, by a piece of old smutty dimity."*

"It was certainly very vexatious," said the parson, "and now I think of it, there was an accident which happened within my own knowledge, which proves still more conclusively, the dangerous qualities of this species of garment. When I resided with my father in the city, many years ago, he had a coachman whose name was Robert. This Robert was a steady, industrious, sober young man, and was regarded by all the family as an excellent servant. Unluckily for him, poor fellow, as he was one day driving the carriage round to the stable,

* This was my father's real and candid belief, for, after the discovery of the unlucky petticoat, he never could be persuaded that the chimney smoked. Candour, however, obliges me to state, that that event appears to have had very little effect upon the said backs and jambs, which continued to smoke every one, except my father, most pertinaciously.

he saw something lying in the street, which, upon dismounting from his box, he found to be a handsome new white dimity petticoat. Robert was naturally tickled with the nature of his prize, and that very evening he exhibited it to the whole assemblage of kitchen and chambermaids that belonged to my father's establishment. These wondered excessively how the coachman came by it, who it was for, how much it cost, who made it, whether it was given to him, or whether he had bought it, whether he intended to give it away, and a variety of interesting matters relative to it; but Robert, out of mere whim, refused to give them any satisfaction. He took the petticoat to his own room, and deposited it in the very bottom of his chest. The maids, however, were determined not to suffer their curiosity to be slighted in this manner; there was some mystery about the business, which they could not fathom, and it was impossible to rest easy in such a state of uncertainty.

"The consequence of this was, that from that evening Robert never appeared in the kitchen, but he was assailed by innumerable questions about the petticoat. In fact, petticoats soon became the universal subject of discussion, and the talk was kept up by a schism arising in the family, with respect to the colour of the one in question; one party asserting that it was white, whilst the other stoutly

maintained that it was sky-blue. Robert was appealed to, but pertinaciously refused to afford the desired information. The debates continued to run high, but no discovery of any importance was made till near six months after, when two of the maids were suddenly discharged by my mother, and Robert was obliged to flee the country, to avoid some very unpleasant consequences with which he was threatened. He solemnly declared, and, I have no doubt, truly, that the whole affair was owing to the white dimity petticoat."

"I have no doubt of it, my dear friend," said my father, emphatically, "none in the world; it was enough to ruin the whole household, nay, even the whole street. Women are exceedingly blameable in leaving these things where they may be picked up by straggling coachmen, to the great danger of all the maids, or get thrust up a chimney, to the great discomfort and inconvenience of the whole family. I would, therefore, recommend that this one, belonging, as it is said, to Judith M'Kenny, should be properly disposed of, as soon as possible."

Patrick had listened very attentively to the instances adduced by the clergyman and my father, and when the latter had done speaking, he, thinking, probably, that good stories should go round, commenced in his turn.

"Och! by the powers," said he, "your tales, jointlemen, put me in mind of my cousin Terry O'Neal, who used to swear a petticut was the most dangerous thing a man could get intil; and Terry had a good reason, he had, for he burried one of Judy's to go to a bit of a dance; and as soon as he was come, the lasses they raddled him with their shelalies, til there was never a white spot on his back, the size of a sixpence, but his two eyes, and they were as black as a pair of coal-pits."

Patrick's speech brought a smile from the lips of my father, and the parson laughed heartily. It was agreed upon all hands that the petticoat was a most dangerous article, and the owner was requested to remove it to a safe place, with all possible expedition. But, before this could be affected, an accident happened, which converted their jest into earnest.

The dwelling of Mr. Saywell was situated upon an eminence, and fronting the public road. The above mentioned conversation took place upon the edge of this road, and all the parties were so deeply engaged, that none of them perceived a horseman who was slowly ascending the hill. Had he been seen, his well filled saddle-bags would alone have been a mark sufficiently specific, to have distinguished our friend doctor Post.

It chanced also, that the man of medicine was at

that moment deeply engaged in conjuring out the meaning of an obscure passage in Celsus, and, at such a time, he might have rode through a whole army, without discovering a man of it. His horse, however, had no such agreeable occupation to engage his mind, and, consequently, as he jogged along, he cast his eyes about him, and endeavoured to amuse himself by observing what was going forward in the world. Nothing occurred to disturb his equanimity, until he had arrived within a few paces of the place where my father and the clergyman were standing, when a side glance betrayed to him Judy's red flannel petticoat, stuffed out, body and sleeves, with the potatoes. A single look was sufficient to bring the sagacious quadruped to the same conclusion they had just arrived at, and making a sudden spring to avoid the danger, he unfortunately threw his rider with great violence against the opposite fence. The head of the unlucky operator came first in contact with a large stake, and, with such violence, that, but for an unusual thickness of the cranium, it must certainly have been shattered to a mummy. As it was, he received some severe bruises, and was left senseless upon the ground.

Mr. Saywell and my father had, certainly, little expectation that the truth of their observations would be so soon exemplified; but perceiving the

condition of their luckless friend, they immediately flew to his assistance. With the help of Patrick they conveyed him into the house, and then immediately despatched a messenger in search of doctor Lavender. His injuries, however, were not as serious as might have been anticipated; he soon began to revive, and philosophy, who had been fairly scared out of her wits by the first shock, was too good a friend to desert her patron at this pinch. As soon as the blood and dirt were washed from his face, and the extent of the injury discovered by means of a looking-glass, she set about devising ways and means to render his situation as comfortable as the circumstances would admit. Her attention was first directed to his head, which had received several severe contusions, and bled profusely. Half a dozen handkerchiefs had been already twisted about it in various directions, without much effect, and the blood continued to trickle down his face in such quantities, that his attendants began to be seriously alarmed. At this critical time, his good genius suggested a remedy, at once as simple as efficacious. This was to envelop the cranium in a mass of cotton, and cover the whole with a wash bowl, which being secured by a napkin passed over the top, and fastened under the chin, was found to fit as snugly as a night cap, pressing so equally upon the skull in every part, that the hæmorrhage

was completely commanded. All this happily accomplished, the worthy doctor, whose pleasure at the result of this successful experiment seemed to more than counterbalance his misfortune, raised himself upon his haunches, and waving his arm to command attention, spoke to his auditors as follows.

"Calomel and opium, my much respected friends, have been called the Samson and Hercules of medicine; but philosophy, when under proper and discreet guidance, is of infinitely more service than all the other remedies which have ever been proposed, to alleviate our mental, or even our corporal sufferings. It is only by listening to her voice, and relying upon her aid, that we can turn the accidents we daily meet with in life to our advantage, or to that of our species, and enable ourselves to bear up the dignity of our natures against the current of misfortune. Doubtless, many persons, if in my situation, would consider these wounds a heavy calamity, but, by her consoling influence, they have been converted to an advantage; inasmuch as they have stirred up the energies of my mind, and suggested a resource which may hereafter be of the most essential benefit to science."

"It is not every head," quoth my father in a whisper, "upon which the new apparatus would prove so efficacious."

"Life," continued the practitioner, "may be compared to an eight-ounce syringe, and philosophy to the wrapper of tow upon the end of the piston; if there be a sufficient quantity thereof, it propels the most drastic mixture before it with ease and certainty, but if there be not, it flies back into the face of the operator."

When the doctor had delivered himself of this sagacious address, he sunk back upon the pillow, and soon fell into a comfortable nap. His audience had listened with a gravity, that did them infinite credit, for the extraordinary figure cut by the speaker, and his pompous manner of expressing his opinions, were almost sufficient to raise a smile upon the countenance of the goddess of sobriety herself.

Chapter XII.

A deep dip into metaphysics—the eloquence of Mrs. Pots, and the great learning and ingenuity of the parson.

It might be theoretically supposed, that we, poor, weak, frail mortals, find so much trouble and vexation in the past and the present, that we should have but little inclination to pry into fu-

turity. I say theoretically, for practically, the truth lies exactly in the reverse. Such is the sway which the passion of curiosity has over our minds, that knaves and sharpers, in all countries, and in all ages, have found it their most powerful auxiliary in swindling the weak and ignorant. In the early ages vast sums were paid to the astrologers for predicting the course of future events by the stars, and, even in our enlightened times there are many people of good sense in other respects, who flock to the miserable habitation of some blear-eyed, decrepid, poverty-stricken old woman, whom they believe to be miraculously endowed with power to turn over the pages of the great book, wherein the author of the universe has recorded the destiny of his creatures. There are also an infinite number of persons, who, without possessing the credulity of the believers in these sixpenny oracles, have yet an equal thirst for the same kind of knowledge. These, for the most part, endeavour to gratify themselves by peeping over the shoulder of old father Time. They watch the current of events as it runs from his hour glass with so much eagerness, that they commonly see those things which relate to themselves, and especially to their neighbours, before they are half developed, and a thousand busy tongues are at once employed in spreading a thousand different accounts of them. Now, in pro-

portion to the population, there was as many of these news-catchers, as we may call them, in the neighbourhood of Turkeytown, as in other places, which accounts for the fact, that there was not a man, woman, or child, within five miles of the place, who had not heard of the accident which befell doctor Post, within half an hour after it had occurred. Some had understood that he had fractured his skull, some that his head was entirely split open, and some that his neck was broken short off like a pipe-stem; but all agreed that he was stone dead, and that nothing remained but to go to his funeral. My nurse and Mrs. Pots had set out some time before, in pursuance of the resolution passed the preceding evening, and they met the flying report, when about half-way between my father's house and the parson's. They were greatly shocked at the news, and accelerated their pace as much as possible, in order to get a sight of the corpse, Mrs. Pots having never seen the body of a man who had been killed, in all the days of her life. Actuated by this powerful motive, they got along with so much expedition, that they arrived at the scene of action within a very few minutes after the doctor had concluded his speech. Upon entering the house, and seeing no one to attend to them, they proceeded up stairs, and accidentally met with the parson himself upon the landing. As soon as

they perceived him, Mrs. Pots, who took it upon herself to act as spokeswoman, commenced a speech, which she intended should be at once apologetic and consolatory.

"I hope Mrs. Simons and myself have not protruded on the privaties of your reverence," said she, with a low courtesy, "especially at such a mournful time, your reverence; but it is condoling to reflect that he was an uprighteous man, who walked defensively through the world, and, though he has been cut off, in the midst of his sins, we may hope that he whose ways are insatiable and mysterious, who giveth and who taketh away, will in the rectitude of his mercy, transform him into a better world, and give him a mansion in that burne from which no traveller returns."

Here the cook made a pause, and ere she could recover her breath, the parson rendered a continuation of the speech unnecessary, by assuring her that the doctor was not dead. Cicero, himself, could not have gone on after such an interruption as this; neither could Mrs. Pots. She fell back two paces, and remained with her arm resting on the banister, and her mouth wide open, but it uttered not a word.

My nurse occupied herself in dangling her horn snuff box, which was carefully secured in the corner of her handkerchief. Being no speech maker

herself, she had confided chiefly in the oracular powers of her friend, and when these were confounded, there appeared to her no other resource, but to effect a retreat. She whispered something of this kind to Mrs. Pots, but that lady was in no such haste. Besides that the original object of their visit was not yet accomplished, it was necessary to ascertain, if doctor Post was not killed, in what manner and degree he was wounded. Whether it was his leg, or his arm, or his head, or his abdomen, that had suffered, and whether he was likely to recover or not; without some information of this kind, Mrs. Pots could not possibly think of leaving the premises.

The hint had, however, its effect. It recalled her to her recollection, and soon recovering from her surprise, she took the snuff box from the handkerchief of the nurse, and balancing it upon the four fingers of the right hand, placed the index digit of the left upon the lid. Then, after another low courtesy, and an elaborate apology for the trouble she was about to give his worshipful reverence, she began first to describe the laudable anxiety of the nurse, and the trouble she had taken in exploring my cranial regions. She then went on to relate the deplorable confusion which had been occasioned by the unlucky mistake of my mother, and concluded by earnestly beseeching him to devise some

means to avert the still more fatal consequences, which must otherwise be the infallible result.

The parson found some difficulty in suppressing a smile during this singular narration; but when it was concluded, he answered very gravely, as follows. "Your anxiety in behalf of the child, Mrs. Pots, is exceedingly commendable, but the accident which has happened in this case, being in its nature kinkumlogical, must be met by a remedy tercumpogical, that is, by tying a blue riband round the neck of your captive."

"Does your reverence think that would be effectual?" said the cook.

"I think there can be no reasonable doubt of it," replied the parson.

"We are a thousand times obliged to your reverence," said Mrs. Pots; "it shall be done directly."

My nurse courtesied to the ground, and the two friends went down into the kitchen, to pursue their further inquiries in that department. "What do you think of that, now?" said Mrs. Pots, as they descended the stairs; "that's the blessing of great larnin. The dear good man only took two words to it, tinclum—no, king come"—"ogical," said my nurse. "That was the last of it," said her friend, "it was either ting com, or king come, I don't know which."

"But how shall we put on the blue riband?"

said the nurse. "We must think of that," said Mrs. Pots.

Chapter XIII.

Which is one of the best chapters in this book, being the last and the shortest.

"This seems to be an unfortunate day," said the parson, as he entered the room; "an accident that happened at your house, Mr. Peters"—

"An accident at my house!" interrupted my father.

"You need not be alarmed," returned the other. "It appears that a louse"——

"A louse!" cried my father again, placing his finger upon the side of his nose. The moment he got hold of the louse, he thought of my mother, and then of the blotches; in short, he remembered every thing that had passed previous to his lucubrations upon the case of the king of France and the peasant girl. "I would thank you for my hat and stick," said he; "or stay, my good friend, if you could send the boy on old roan for doctor Lavender, it would be a great favour!"

"Why, the doctor can do no good, for as far as

I can learn, it was entirely consumed," answered the parson with a smile; "but, at all events, the boy has been gone this half hour on that very errand."

"So he has," quoth my father; "I am strangely forgetful to day, but its nothing serious I'll be sworn; pray go on with your story."

END OF BOOK I.

BOOK II.

CONTAINING THE AMOURS OF DR. POST AND THE WIDOW PEWEETLE.

Chapter I.

Some introductory remarks, preparatory to a fresh start.

Having now, gentle reader, got into the second part of my memoirs, let us look back and consider what has been in the first, that we may ascertain whether all, or any of the objects proposed, have been accomplished. For my own part, I must candidly confess, that, though my main object in commencing this work, was, as I have before stated, immortality, I have not been able to keep my mind's eye so intently fixed upon futurity, but that my bodily eye does much oftener than I could wish, remind me of sundry little inconveniences that attend the present. I have, consequently, been obliged to follow the example of all men who are mortal, and mingle little things with great ones; and, indeed, I cannot see how this is to

be avoided; for though a man who possesses a very large soul, may spend a great part of his time in the regions of futurity, revelling in the delights of anticipation, he will sooner or later find it necessary to come home, and invent some scheme to procure a new pair of breeches, if he is no better provided with that article than I am. In truth, I have found 'the downy pinions of fancy,' as some people call the saddle we are obliged to make use of in these excursions, to be no softer than the bottom of an old windsor chair, and there is no fabrication of woollen or cotton that I know of, which will stand constant riding on it. Buckskin would probably answer the best purpose, but, when I once proposed that material to my wife, she shook her head, and declared that buckskin always gave her fingers an unpleasant sensation, and, she being pretty good at patching, I gave in, as a dutiful husband should. Two of my objects, then, are, imperishable renown, and a good pair of breeches.

But, throwing our breeches aside for the present, it is necessary to pay some attention to another object, in which the reader is probably somewhat interested; and that is, to consider what progress we have made with our tale, and whether there is any probability that we shall be enabled to bring it to a speedy and successful termination. And here, I declare, I am almost induced to throw my inkstand

into the sea, which is now rolling under my window, and eschew writing for ever; for, in looking back to the chapters already written, they only remind me of what Eliphaz, the Temanite, said to Job, "should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind!"

A whole book upon the occurrences of two days! What a glorious task have I got before me. But, *nil desperandum*, my friends, that is, empty your toddy as quickly as possible, for the coach is at the door, and we shall be off again in a crack.

Chapter II.

How the widow Peweetle excelled in the same qualities which distinguished the emperor Napoleon—a sketch of her history—and her desperate attack upon the iron-bound heart of doctor Post.

Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of the French, has observed, that the only pugnacious talent in which he excelled his contemporaries, was that of taking advantage of the circumstances which chance threw in his way. Mrs. Peweetle, a veteran in the wars of Cupid, excelled in the very same quality:

when I first commenced this entertaining history, madam, I had no idea whatever of amusing you with the amours of Mrs. Peweetle, or indeed with any other amours than my own, (which, with the blessing of Providence, I hope to come to by and by,) but in story telling, as in every thing else, one thing leads on to another in such an unaccountable manner, that I would defy the Governor himself, if his excellency should sit down to write a book, to know all that may be in the bottom of his inkstand.

I shall, therefore, without further apology, proceed to state in a very few words who Mrs. Peweetle was. At the time of which we are speaking, she was, and had been for the last ten years, about the age of twenty-five. She had arrived at twenty-four, and lost her husband in less than a week after, which unlucky circumstance had procured for her the title of a widow bewitched. This taste of matrimony had apparently given her a complete disrelish for that holy state, as she most positively declared she never after could endure the thoughts of a man; and with this doughty resolution she came to reside with my aunt Dorothea, in virtue of a cousinship that had subsisted between their forefathers of old. But '*varium mutabile semper fœmina*,' as old Horace says, in less than six weeks she had laid desperate siege to the heart

of Mr. Mumble, the little merchant of Turkey-town, and afterwards to those of the apothecary and two or three neighbouring farmers in succession. Having failed with all these, through some unaccountable causes, she next opened her batteries against doctor Post, and carried on her approaches with so much vigour that the worthy gentleman was soon driven to extremities, as will presently be seen.

For the rest, she was a good natured gossip, who made herself useful in the family by representing my aunt at the tea-table, and in the kitchen, whilst that lady enjoyed her armchair unmolested; talked all day, and all night too, when occasion offered; eat any part of a fowl but the leg, and always called a cock a he-chicken.

Mrs. Peweetle, experienced as she was, soon found, when she determined on the attack, that there were obstacles of no common difficulty to be surmounted. In vain did she look around and reconnoitre the place in every direction, in hopes to spy out some weak point where a lodgment might be effected. No man, since the days of Adam, was ever surrounded by such impregnable barriers;—they were ice, flint, adamant; in fine, if it had not been for the talent she possessed in common with the emperor Napoleon, she might as well have directed the artillery of Cupid against the rock of Gibraltar.

The accident which afforded her the favourable opportunity, was the same we have related in the preceding book. The doctor had been conveyed home in Mr. Saywell's carriage, and no sooner did the widow see him laid upon his back, and his head muffled in a woollen night cap, which had been substituted for the wash bowl, than she rather ungallantly resolved to take advantage of the golden moment, when the enemy was placed, as it were, *hors de combat.* Accordingly, after spending two days in making such preliminary preparations, as she judged feasible, she commenced upon the third in the following manner.

"I wonder, doctor Stubbs," said she, after removing the empty bowl, from which he had just taken his supper of water gruel, "I wonder, what in the wide world you keep them there bones, and them big lizards, stuck round your room to frighten folks to death with; if I wanted to marry ever so bad, but the dear lord above knows! I would'nt marry any man living, for the world, not I;—but I say, if I wanted to marry ever so bad, and any gentleman was to ask me, who had such things hung round his bedroom, I'm sure to gracious I wouldn't have any thing to do with him, for fear the ghosts would come and haunt us every night of our lives."

"The belief in ghosts, Mrs. Peweetle," said the doctor, raising his head upon his hand, "is now

common only amongst the ignorant; philosophy has long since demonstrated, that the spirits of the dead, whatever may be their destiny, never revisit the earth. I am aware that many of the ancient philosophers were of a different opinion, but they had only the lights of their own times. The sun of science may now be said to shine in its meridian splendour, and the dark mists of ignorance and prejudice which have hung over the world ever since its creation, are fast rolling away before the genial influence."

"I don't know much about philosophy, doctor," said the widow, "but I am sure I have a great respect for it."

This was a truly politic stroke, and even caused the features of the doctor to relax into a kind of ghastly smile, as he replied, "I am very glad to hear you say so, Mrs. Peweetle, for of all the good things of this world, philosophy is surely the best. Ah! if you knew what comfort it affords the mind in affliction, with what joy it fills the soul, even in the midst of torment; if you had heard in what manner the glorious Anaxarchus, when pounded in a mortar by command of the barbarous Nicocreon, cried out, 'pound as long as thou wilt upon the body of Anaxarchus, himself thou canst not hurt!' "

"I know it, I know it," cried Mrs. Peweetle, while a tear started to her eye for the sufferings of

Anaxarchus, which were related with such pathos. She had no mind though, that he should run long on this scent, for she well knew, that when the old Thracian was of the party, he commonly monopolized the attention of his disciple, to the exclusion of every thing else. The remainder of her response was intended to bring him back to a subject less platonic. "I know it is," she continued, "and, therefore, I was saying, that is, I was going to say, that if I had any thoughts of changing my condition, which the Lord knows I haven't, but if I had my pick and choice out of a hundred, I would choose a philosopher; and, as you say, that philosophers think there are no ghosts, why, I don't know but it makes a difference; but then I can't see, for all that, how any one can stay in a room alone, especially of nights, with all them queer things lying about one."

"That is because you are unacquainted with the sublime science of anatomy," rejoined the doctor, starting most provokingly upon another favourite topic. "You, for instance, cannot conceive with what delight the anatomist pursues his researches upon the human body, laying open its most hidden recesses, tracing the nerves and arteries, and most particularly the curious and complicated inflections of the peritoneum. The peritoneum is a complete bag, Mrs. Peweetle, that encloses the liver, stomach,

duodenum, rectum, and all the rest of the abdominal viscera, and yet it is outside of them all. You would hardly believe that now, but I assure you it is true; you and I, and all of us, have one, Mrs. Peweetle. If you will be good enough to hand me that bone by your elbow, I will take a pleasure in explaining to you the whole arrangement."

"What! that great bony thing," exclaimed the lady, edging away from the table by which she had been standing; "why, laws, doctor Stubbs! I wouldn't touch it for all the peritoneums in the world. I wonder you could ask a lady to take hold of such a thing."

"I am sorry if I have given offence," said the doctor in considerable surprise.

"O! no offence, doctor," said the placable widow, irradiating her countenance with a smile; "I know you did'nt mean any, and if you wish the ugly thing, I'll even bring it to you, though I'm sure I wouldn't do the like for any other man breathing." So saying, and taking care to protect her fingers by the interposition of a towel, several times doubled, she seized the preparation by the smallest visible projection, and conveyed it to the bed-side of the patient. It is possible the good lady would have been less accommodating, had she not reflected, that the explanation proposed would necessarily bring the parties into contact, and she was well

aware of the advantages which might in that case be obtained by a little skilful manœuvring. The movement succeeded admirably, for the doctor immediately seized upon her forefinger to point out some interesting points of anatomy, and the widow was consequently obliged to seat herself upon the edge of the bed. This was the nearest approach to familiarity the doctor had ever made, and Mrs. Peweetle could not but augur favourably from the circumstance; but suspense is always uncomfortable, and to hasten the crisis she uttered a long drawn sigh. Doctor Post looked up, and the widow looked down. There was in his face an expression of surprise and concern. Mrs. Peweetle averted her head, and still leaving her finger in possession of the anatomist, threw in another sigh.

"Are you unwell, Mrs. Peweetle?" said he.

"I do feel a little unwell, doctor," she replied in a languishing voice.

"Perhaps it is a sudden qualm," said he.

"No, its not a qualm," said she.

"Or a sick stomach," said he.

"I am not sick at the stomach," said she.

"A severe headach, perhaps," said he.

"I have no headach," said she; "I scarcely know what it is, doctor; will you feel my pulse?"

The doctor, after examining her pulse very attentively for some time, said, "there are some symp-

toms of plethora, though I think not much more than is usual in a state of health; if you had applied to doctor Tweezer, now, he would have ordered you to live upon Gum Arabic, and be bled twice a day for a fortnight; but, I thank heaven we are not so much addicted to the dangerous practice of phlebotomy."

"What then would you recommend in such a case?" said the widow.

"I should think," answered her medical adviser, "it would only be necessary to live for a week upon water gruel; which will dilute the blood, and give time for the superabundant humours to be carried off by the usual emunctories. Doctor Tweezer holds, that there are no humours in the blood, but it is a very ridiculous notion, Mrs. Peweetle, very ridiculous, as I can prove to you"——

"But can you think of nothing else that would be serviceable?" interrupted the widow in a soft tone.

"You might," he replied, "add a small portion of sal nitre, as a gentle refrigerator."

"Sall fool!" exclaimed Mrs. Peweetle, losing all patience, and hastily extricating her finger, she ran immediately out of the room.

Chapter III.

The widow retires discomfited; but fate comes to her assistance in the shape of Mr. Augustus Peacock—a curious dialogue between this personage and the doctor.

It has long since been ascertained, that the course of true love never did run smooth, and this reflection, or one similar, occurring to Mrs. Peweetle, as she descended the stairs, she wisely consoled herself with it for the ill success she had met with in the recent skirmish. Still, to use one of her own words, she could not help feeling a little flustrated, and indeed she must have been more than woman, if she had not. She had seen smart men, and stupid men; and odd men, and simple men; but a man who would take no kind of hint, however broad, was, of all descriptions of men, the most puzzling she had ever met with. To have expected a declaration of love, and received in lieu thereof a recommendation to live upon water gruel and take sal nitre! it was too much. Whilst these reflections were chasing each other through her mind, she made the best of her way to her own apartment, and taking up a pair of my uncle's black silk breeches that required darning, commenced sew-

ing upon them with the utmost diligence. In less than five minutes, however, she buried her needle in a cake of wax instead of the pin-cushion, and pushing the breeches under the corner of the bed, walked out into the garden to try the effects of fresh air and exercise.

In the mean time, fate was doing more for her than she could have anticipated; but as this guiding power generally makes use of very roundabout means to effect her purposes, it will require some time for us to follow her operations.

Mrs. Peweetle had no sooner left the room, than our worthy disciple of Æsculapius was struck with the utmost consternation at the idea of having given offence to the good lady who had nursed him so kindly. But, after examining the matter in his own mind, turning and twisting it into every shape it was capable of receiving, he could not conceive why his prescription should have proved so disagreeable, unless, indeed, from its simplicity. He was aware that this was a common cause of complaint with patients, who in general were fond of remedies that could be felt; and the more he reflected upon it, the more firmly he became convinced, that this was the true cause of the widow's discontent. He consequently resolved, when he next saw her, to recommend the addition of a blister to the course of treatment; and he would cer-

tainly have done so, had it not been for the contrary advice of his friend Mr. Augustus Peacock, who very opportunely visited him the same evening, and to whom he related the circumstances of the case, with all the attendant difficulties.

Mr. Peacock was a little, hatchet-faced, pock-marked, jovial looking fellow, with red whiskers, and bandy legs. He had wielded the birch over the young natives of Turkeytown for several years with much reputation, and was generally reputed to possess great wisdom. What was of more importance, he actually had a small share of common sense, which was the very thing the doctor's councils at this conjuncture stood particularly in need of.

"Whew!" exclaimed Mr. Augustus Peacock, snapping his finger and thumb, and throwing out his left leg, when the doctor had concluded his statement, "it is as clear as daylight—the lady fair is in love with you, my friend; you should have recommended her to conjugate the verb amo, and helped her out with it."

"In love with me!" cried the doctor, in the utmost astonishment.

"Aye is she," said Mr. Peacock, "she'll have you, that's certain."

"Have me! spirit of Galen! how will she have me?"

"How! why she will marry you."

"Spirit of Galen! she wont marry me, will she?"

"Why, not without you will marry her, I presume," replied Mr. Peacock.

"But do you think she will ask me?" said the doctor.

"That is uncertain," answered the pedagogue, "she is now probably waiting for you to ask her, which undoubtedly would be preferable, as being more in accordance with the usual practice in such cases. A lady fair may, nevertheless, ask a gentleman, indirectly, as it were, that is, by throwing out such hints as you have already received."

"But if, after this, the gentleman does not ask the lady, what consequences are liable to result?" inquired the doctor.

"In that case," said his adviser, "the lady sometimes pines away and dies of a broken heart; sometimes her mind becomes deranged, and she is sent to the hospital; but these effects are not always produced, for, in some instances, she appears to suffer very little, and only falls in love with some one else. You will observe that the result depends in a great measure upon various contingencies, which you, as a medical man, are probably better acquainted with than I am."

"Upon the temper, disposition, and degree of attachment," said the doctor; "I see it all, but

what shall I do? the widow lady has treated me very kindly."

"Then why not marry, and make her happy?" said Mr. Peacock: "marriage is in itself an excellent ordinance, and is even enjoined on us by scripture, to the end that the race of man shall be perpetuated, and the population of the earth increased. Besides, it is conformable to the practice of all nations, both in ancient and modern times; there being no part of the world where it is not, and has not always been, customary for the inhabitants to take to themselves wives under some one form or other. If I have not complied with it yet, it is not my fault, I can assure you. It is not every day we meet with such opportunities. Jacob toiled seven years for his Rachel, and seven more for her sister; think of that!"

"I have never taken these matters into much consideration," said the doctor, with a countenance expressing a ludicrous degree of perplexity; "wherefore, my much respected friend, I will rely me upon your judgment, and wed with the widow lady; since, as Mr. Peters says, and he is undoubtedly the most philosophic man of our times, the imperfection of mankind is owing to the want of combination amongst men. You, having knowledge of women, shall judge for me in things relating to their sex, whilst I, having some little knowledge

of hydrostatics and the healing art, will repay you with assistance in those sciences. Pity it is, that men are not divided into communities, where each one could bring to their councils only such qualification in which he is perfect, so that by the combination of perfect sentiments, perfect judgment should be elicited."

"Most magnanimously resolved," cried the pedagogue. "Faith! if all my acquaintances were of your mind, I should soon look for the title of Cupid the second. Plato, you know, describes two, a celestial and terrestrial; I think, upon my soul, the terrestrial would do the better service. I'd match them, old and young, fair and homely; the torch of Hymen should burn bright during my reign, I assure you."

Chapter IV.

The doctor's perplexities increase—a learned epistolary correspondence upon the subject of asking and receiving in marriage.

When the doctor had thus made up his mind to marry the widow, it did not immediately occur to him, that any thing further was necessary to carry

the said resolution into effect; but after Mr. Peacock had departed, and he was left to his own reflections, he soon found the subject encompassed by a variety of difficulties. He remembered, in particular, that the lady was yet to be asked, and of the proper and ordinary methods of doing this, he was utterly ignorant. He supposed that it was, of course, to be done by rule, like other things, but of all the books he had ever read, he could not recollect a single one that contained it. Under these circumstances, he prayed most devoutly, that heaven would vouchsafe to enlighten his mind upon this perplexing subject; but his religious exercises had little other effect than to put him in mind of two or three old romances, which had lain for several years amongst the cobwebs behind his bookcase as useless rubbish. He now thought he might perhaps extract from them the grand secret of making love, and, crawling out of bed, he collected them together, and spent the remainder of the day in their perusal, but found nothing satisfactory. As a last resource, he then determined to apply once more to his learned counsel in female matters, Mr. Peacock, and, sitting down to his writing table, he indited the following billet.

MUCH ESTEEMED SIR,

Since the conversation we had together this even-

ing, certain doubts and difficulties have arisen in my mind, concerning the form and manner in which a gentleman should ask of a lady to unite herself with him in the holy bands of matrimony; and considering that so solemn and important a question—for I have often heard it urged by Mr. Peters, that the action of marriage, or the taking to oneself a wife, is, next to his birth, the most important event that can befall a man during the whole course of his mortal existence: inasmuch as from birth to marriage he is single in the literal sense of the word, having but his own will, and his own wants to provide for; but, after marriage, he becomes double, as it were, and is thenceforth endued with two minds and two bodies. This, I am convinced, is a much more plausible theory than that which some superficial persons have promulgated, viz. that by matrimonial union, the two minds and two bodies become blended into one. Wherefore, I have thought that so solemn and important a question, should not be agitated without the usual and fitting formalities; and, accordingly, I have been tasking my memory, but in vain, to reveal to me a formula suitable to such cases, or the place where such formula is to be found recorded.

I have also consulted two of those light and frivolous works called romances, (which fact I am almost ashamed to own to you,) but, as might have

been expected, I have derived no information therefrom that could be reasonably considered applicable, since, although the persons whose fictitious lives and wanderings are there related, did ask and receive in marriage, the whole operations were conducted under circumstances essentially varying from those which subsist between myself and the widow lady. In some cases the virgins, (for I have seen no mention of widows,) would tumble into creeks and mill-ponds, whereupon some adventurous youth who happened to be standing upon the banks, would plunge in to their rescue. In others, robbers or banditti would lie in wait to fall upon the damsel, just as some valiant knight, who chanced to be riding along the same road, should come within hearing of her cries; and he coming to her deliverance, the two, after many troubles, have fallen in love, and thereafter married. These cases, then, bear no affinity to the one under our consideration, unless the widow lady could be induced to fall, as it were by accident, into the mill-race at our village, in which case, as I bethink me, I learned the art of swimming when a youth, the ceremony might be performed with safety. Upon this point, however, I am desirous to have your valuable counsel and assistance, as, of my own will, I should prefer some other formulæ, if there be any such in use.

Pray return me an answer to this note as soon

as it may comport with your leisure and convenience. Any information upon such other points as may occur to your mind, relating to the ceremonies of asking and receiving in marriage, will be received with much thankfulness by your obliged friend,

LEVITICUS STUBBS.

Postscriptum.—I have also to remark, that since your departure, I have experienced at times a considerable irritation of my arterial system, amounting almost to febrile excitement. Also a curious itching sensation in various parts of the body, but particularly in the region of the great toe; and as the integuments of my scalp are now nearly healed, it has occurred to me that these might possibly be symptoms of the affection called love.

Having sealed and directed this sagacious piece of composition, he despatched a negro boy with it to Turkeytown, and his correspondent being equally prompt, he received next day the following answer:

To Dr. Leviticus Stubbs, &c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR AMICUS,

I entirely agree with you, that the ceremony of demanding in marriage should always be accompanied by the proper formalities; and this, for the reasons you have so accurately mentioned. I shall, therefore, without further circumlocution, proceed,

according to your request, to put down such hints for your guidance, as my limited information will enable me. These formalities vary in different nations, and are simple or complicated, according to the different degrees of civilization to which those nations have attained. Amongst some tribes of savages, for instance, the young man goes to the tent or cabin, where such female as he has determined upon may reside, and after recounting his achievements in war or in hunting, in order to create a favourable impression, he takes a small chip or bone and throws it into her lap. If she receives it, it is considered equivalent to an acceptance of his addresses, and measures are entered into accordingly; but if she throws it from her, there is an end to the whole business.

This is the ceremony as practised amongst rude and uncultivated savages, but as in a more enlightened community, such a method would be considered futile and ridiculous, we are constrained to adopt others less simple and more rational. Those in use amongst ourselves at present, may be considered as having been derived through our European ancestors from the times of chivalry, which were distinguished as much by respect and reverence towards the female character, as by high-souled generosity and valour. I shall endeavour to furnish you with an accurate account of the formula which

I consider best, and in order to render it perfectly easy to your comprehension, I will divide it into five parts or actions.

The gentleman having pitched upon a lady, pays his addresses to her; that is, he visits her frequently, and by assiduous attention in informing her of the state of the weather, in carrying her fan, and in other offices of the like nature, strives to render himself agreeable. Commonly, after the expiration of a certain period of time, which varies in different cases, he supposes he has created the desired impression, and seizes upon a favourable opportunity to commence the ceremony as follows:

The parties being private, the gentleman takes hold of the lady's hand and gently compresses it in his own; which is the first action.

He then—supposing she makes no very violent resistance—conveys it to his lips. This constitutes the second action, and particular attention should be had to its effects, for an indication may now almost certainly be had of the final success of the application. If the lady averts her head, and particularly if she looks down and sighs, the case is almost certain, and you should lose no time in performing the third action, which consists in

Stating your love, and soliciting her to acknowledge that your attentions are not disagreeable. This is by some called making a declaration, and

by others, popping the question. In most instances, after the third action, the lady remains quiescent, or, at most, utters but a sigh. When this is the case, the gentleman slides gracefully down from the chair or sofa on which he has been sitting, and resting upon one knee, makes some such speech as this. "Cruel and most obdurate fair one! your charms have annihilated my senses, and I can perceive that your barbarity will be contented with nothing less than my life. Speak then, I conjure you! speak, and end this horrible suspense; speak, and give utterance to the word which is to grant me unutterable joy, or consign me at once to endless and inexpressible despair."

This forms the fourth action, and generally succeeds; for if the words be pronounced with proper pathos, there are very few females who can resist them. Should she prove obdurate, however, there remains the fifth and last action, thus:

Tear open your shirt collar, and conjure her to stab you to the heart, and put an end to a life her cruelty has rendered so miserable. In former times, it was usual in this part of the performance for the gentleman to present the lady with his dagger, but as private persons do not now wear arms, this custom has gradually come to be dispensed with. And, indeed, it is the less necessary, as the lady is commonly provided with a bodkin, or a pair of sharp

pointed scissors, which would answer the purpose equally well, if she was so bloody-minded as to take the gentleman at his word.

Should all this prove unsuccessful, as I must confess has heretofore happened in my own case, I am of opinion, that the gentleman should button up his shirt collar, and then go home, and, after properly strapping his razor, shave himself. The operation is a great comfort in these unfortunate cases.

I have been thus minute, my dear friend, because I am persuaded you are now in a situation similar to one I was once in myself. The urgency of the case induced me to study the art of making love with much assiduity, and the above is the sum of the information I have been able to collect from various sources. The length of this letter pretermits the present consideration of the other points alluded to in your last; and with regard to the pain in your great toe, I can scarcely make up my mind, whether it most resembles love or the dyspepsy. I am also of opinion that the expedient of the mill-race is not in this case feasible.

For ever, your humble servant,
And obsequious friend,
AUGUSTUS PEACOCK.

When doctor Post had read this learned epistle twice, he shook his head three times, and set about committing the five actions to memory.

Chapter V.

How the doctor's troubles are augmented by the perversity of the widow; insomuch that he is finally obliged to tie up his clothes in a pocket handkerchief, and flee the country.

The progress of an affair of love, is very often much like that of a wagon drawn by a couple of balky horses. When the driver, by means of gee-hupping and cracking his cart-whip for half an hour, succeeds in inducing the near animal to go forward, the devil a step will the other budge; and by the time the refractory steed can be put in motion, his companion changes his mind, and stands as stiff as a gate post. Now, Mrs. Peweetle, who, to follow up the simile, had hitherto pulled alone, no sooner perceived a corresponding disposition begin to manifest itself in the doctor, than she at once clapped her back against the vehicle, and left him to tug at it as he best might. Had she not, indeed, actually resisted, things would still have gone on well enough, for the doctor, honest fellow! would never

have discovered whether the machine moved backwards or forwards, provided he could only have succeeded in performing the schoolmaster's five actions. These constituted, in his opinion, the cream of the whole business, at least he took it for granted, they were essential and necessary preliminaries, and prepared to go through them with as much precision and gravity as he would have displayed in mixing a bottle of julap.

Mrs. Peweetle, with all her experience, was at fault, when she first observed the change in his manners, and had she not discovered that his queue was tied up with a new riband, would have been puzzled extremely, to tell whether he was labouring under a fit of love or the colic. But, when at length, he appeared in a red plush waistcoat, which had not seen the light for many a long day before, she was fully convinced that the fish was caught, and, as it had cost her some trouble in the hooking, she determined to play him awhile for her own amusement.

With this reasonable view, when he upon three several occasions took hold of her hand, she had a peremptory call to my aunt's parlour; then was obliged to attend to the ducks and chickens; and lastly, she accidently overturned a basin of hot broth, and spoiled both the red waistcoat, and his

best pair of satin breeches. This last exploit did the business.

"Spirit of Galen!" ejaculated the doctor, taking down a jar of basilicon; but the ingredients in this very pot of ointment were not more inseparably mixed and compounded, than the ideas which floated about in his brain, when he made the exclamation. "Spirit of Galen!" said he, and shook his head and satin breeches alternately. The case was too deep for him, however, and though the spirit thus invoked might have been standing at his elbow, he had nothing to say to it.

The only way I have to explain this fact, is, that all his sensations, and perceptions, and conceptions, came rushing at once to present themselves to his notice, hustling and jumbling each other about in such a tumultuous manner that it was impossible to make head or tail of any of them.

He, therefore, did nothing but shake his head until he had anointed the wounded parts, and then sat himself down to read the Bible. This, upon such perplexing occasions, is undoubtedly an excellent resource, but, in this particular instance, the application proved unfortunate; for, as fate would have it, he turned directly to that remarkable verse, which mentions four things, that were too wonderful even for Agur, the son of Jakeh, viz. "the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a

rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid."

When he had got these additional wonders in his head, he shook it more than ever, but with no better effect. He closed the book, and paced up and down the apartment until supper-time—swallowed a cup of tea, and then walked again; finally he tumbled into bed, and dreamed of widows and maids, and gallipots, and eagles, and eight-ounce syringes, until daylight, when he arose, and taking from his chest seven shirts, two pair of breeches, and sundry other articles, which he tied up in a pocket handkerchief, sallied out, and betook himself to the road.

Great was the surprise of the family when the doctor's elopement was discovered, and many opinions and conjectures were hazarded as to the cause. The only one, however, we think it necessary to record, was that of Mrs. Peweetle, who declared it was altogether inexplicable. She had often heard of young gentlemen eloping with their sweethearts, but to run away by himself, it was out of all reason. "But they are a queer set, these men," continued the lady, "there is no kind of use in attempting to account for any thing they do. I'm sure it will be a long time before I have any thing more to do with them: I have had one in my time, and one is quite enough for a reasonable woman." These observations were made in the presence of

my uncle and aunt, but as they unfortunately did not happen to suit the humour of either, one uttered pish! and the other pshaw! upon which the conversation was dropped.

Doctor Post, in the meantime, having walked about half a mile, stopped upon the summit of a small hill, from whence he could perceive the habitation he had left, and the smoke which was just beginning to curl over the trees that surrounded it. He shook his head violently at the prospect, and then went forward upon his journey. A short distance further the road divided, and he was about to take that branch which led by the dwelling of the parson, and, consequently, the place where he had met with his accident; but from some unpleasant association of ideas arising in his mind, he was led to reflect that he had no particular reason to prefer one road to another, and he therefore took that which led in an opposite direction. He then cut a convenient stick from a neighbouring hedge, which he inserted through the knot of his bundle, and placed upon his shoulder; and next set to calculating two very important questions which occurred to him, viz. why he had run away, and whither he was going.

The result of the first he intended to communicate to doctor Lavender by letter, upon the first convenient opportunity, and he accordingly went

to work so earnestly, that by the time he had travelled eight or ten miles, he had so far investigated the subject, that he was only in doubt whether that event had been caused by a "concatenation of inexplicable circumstances, relating to the ceremony of asking and receiving in marriage;" or otherwise, "by some obscure and hidden imperfection in the form and nature of the five actions now in use."

Now, the greatest logician in the world, even Locke or Helvetius, could not have unravelled so subtile and intricate a question, without putting the whole of their mental powers in requisition; in which case, that portion being abstracted which is usually employed in the management of the seven senses, the body is necessarily left to take care of itself. For this reason, the doctor had no leisure to look either to the right or left, or to pick his path as travellers usually do, but went straight onwards, regardless of wheel ruts or mud puddles, as well as all other inequalities of the road. The carters with their teams, and the school children with their dinner baskets on their arms, stopped to gaze after him, but his progress was not interrupted until he had just arrived at the two conclusions above stated, when his meditations were broken by a loud voice, that exclaimed, close by him—

"Messmate ahoy! put your helm a starboard, or by G—d you'll run into us."

Aroused by this extraordinary address, he looked up, and beheld, immediately before him, an odd kind of man in appearance, mounted upon a black horse. The rear of the latter was resting in an angle of the fence, and his body projected across the path. As soon as the rider perceived that our traveller had opened his eyes, he addressed or rather hailed him thus:

"You should keep a better look-out ahead, neighbour; but come, heave to, and lend us the use of your groglapper. You see we have been taken aback, and I was obliged to put in here with this damned craft of mine to stop her stern way. Where are you bound, pray?"

The doctor looked at his interrogator, first with one eye and then with the other, as the saying is, or, in plainer English, with some fear, surprise and suspicion. The stranger was a thickset, stout, muscular man, with black eyes, and an enormous pair of whiskers. The doctor would have been frightened excessively, had it not been for the shape of his nose, which was turned up at the end, in the manner said by physiognomists to be indicative of good humour. The doctor was something of a connoisseur in that science, and upon this hook on the stranger's proboscis, he accordingly hung his hopes, whilst he mustered courage enough to state that he was a poor practitioner of medicine——

Here he was interrupted by the equestrian, who desired to know whether by practitioner he meant doctor; and being answered in the affirmative, he immediately alighted from his horse, and after bestowing upon the animal some hearty kicks, took down a portion of the fence, and turned him into the adjacent meadow. He then approached our pedestrian, and taking hold of his hand, shook it with nearly as much roughness as good will, whilst he declared with more oaths than we shall care to repeat, that he was the very man he had been cruising for. "You must go with me to my cabin on yonder hill," continued he, pointing to a farm house at no great distance, "for my old shipmate, Tom Ratlin, is laid up with a brush of the colic, and I would not lose him for both the Indies." With this speech he seized the doctor by the arm, and set forward across the fields, with a speed proportionate to the urgency of the occasion. The latter had sense enough to perceive, that resistance would be altogether vain, was he even disposed to make any, and, though he was not more than half pleased with his convoy, he submitted with a good grace. As the conversation they held together during this short walk did not happen to be of much importance, we shall in lieu of it endeavour to entertain the reader with a brief account of this new person-

age, who has thus thrust himself into the body of our narrative.

Chapter VI.

In which the reader is made more particularly acquainted with the ingenuous captain Cutwater, and his friend Tom Ratlin. The doctor arrives in time to prevent the colic from going off of its own accord, which secures him the good graces of his host.

Captain Cutwater, for such was the stranger's name and title, was sometime after this period well known to the inhabitants of Turkeytown, as one of the most noisy, blustering, liberal, good natured, odd sort of fellows that ever appeared amongst them. His usual equipments of a white hat with a black band, and a blue round about jacket garnished with an unusual plenitude of buttons, and trowsers of the same colour, were to the full as familiar and as much noticed by the villagers as the capacious saddle-bags of doctor Post. He had been brought up a seaman, but having a year or two back made a fortunate speculation, by which he realized a sum sufficient to render him independent, he purchased

a snug farm, and, in conjunction with his old mate and companion, Tom Ratlin, set up housekeeping. "Here," said the captain, "we will lie snug for the rest of our lives, and d——n me, Tom! it shall be your business to keep the vessel in trim, and attend to the stock, the camboose, and the grog lockers, for I intend, after thirty years buffeting with the winds and waters, to treat myself during the few that may yet remain, with uninterrupted rest and quietness."

The honest captain enjoyed his rest and quietness for about a fortnight, with as much gusto as any other theoretical votary of solitude, but at the end of that time he began to consider this manner of living but little better than a calm at sea; and after regulating his own domestic affairs, and as many of his neighbours' as would allow of his interference, he would certainly have died of mere ennui, had not Tom conceived a lucky expedient to raise a breeze. He effected this by means of a 'light-wagon,' such as is used for pleasure in New Jersey, in which the two worthies, by dint of driving like Jehu over the country, and capsizing once or twice a week, contrived to have a pretty pleasant, bustling kind of time of it.

It so happened, that on the morning that doctor Post began his travels, Tom was seized with a fit of the colic, and the captain's horse having trotted

briskly down to the gate of his pasture ground, notwithstanding, (or probably not understanding) the urgency of the case, most obstinately refused to proceed a step further, so that, had it not been for this lucky rencontre, the colic must have gone off without the benefit of science.

Upon entering the house, the captain commanded a negro boy, whom they met upon the stairs, to go below and turn out the contents of the lockers, and without further delay conducted the practitioner to the bedchamber of the patient. "Here, Tom," said he, "I have brought the doctor to look over your timbers; heave out, my old boy, and we'll have you in trim again in the twigging of a bowlin."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Tom, and casting off the coverlet, he submitted to the doctor's investigation, a body, that for size and muscular appearance, might have answered for Pelides himself. "I never was on the doctor's list but once before," said he, "and that was when I caught the fever at St. Jago"—

"Aye, that's a damned hole; many a pretty fellow has been brought up there with a round turn," interrupted the captain.

"You may well say that," replied Tom, "there was seven of our crew—poor fellows! they are rotting amongst them cursed Spaniards and land crabs to this day. If I had had my will, they should have

been buried as a sailor ought, in a hammock, with a cannon ball at each end of it. If I should happen to keel over, this bout, let my grave be twenty fathoms of green water."

"Well, well," cried the captain, "old death shall not put his claw on you this many a day yet; so tell the doctor your complaint, and let him go to work."

"I believe it is owing to bad stowage," said Tom, "for when a man is not on allowance of water, he is naturally apt to put too much in his grog, which is exactly the same as taking in more dunnage than cargo, and it is no wonder if the vessel is crank." With this ingenious explanation, the honest tar presented his wrist to the doctor, and, as that worthy never travelled without a small stock of medicines in his pocket book, he was enabled to administer a dose to the patient, who, as soon as they left the room, washed it down with a gill of brandy.

When they descended into the parlour, which was arranged as nearly after the fashion of a ship's cabin, as its terrestrial situation would admit of, the doctor found a table covered with decanters, containing various kinds of liquors, as well as a loaf of bread, and the better half of a fine Goshen cheese. The exercise of walking, despite of love and perplexities, had given him an excellent appetite, and he fell to work upon the latter articles with so much

good will, that the captain could not help expressing his surprise. He was still more astonished, when the doctor (who had no idea of keeping a secret) related his flight, and the causes which had led to it. "Here, you damned powder-monkey," cried he to the negro, "run below, and rouse out a cold ham, and an apple-pie—boze away! and tell the cook to make half a gallon of coffee, and put a chicken or two on the gridiron, don't you see the gentleman has had no breakfast!"—"and, hark ye, doctor," he continued, interrupting him in an attempt to countermand these extensive orders, "as I can't see that you are bound for any particular port, you shall remain here until Tom gets on his legs again, and we will then see what can be done in this business. For myself, I can't say that I have much knowledge of women's gear, but Tom is a devil of a fellow amongst the petticoats."

"I fear he would have but little success in this case," quoth the doctor, "inasmuch as the measures I pursued were recommended by Mr. Augustus Peacock, who is a man well acquainted with the manners and customs of the females, and withal has a considerable knowledge of the classics."

"Never fear," answered the captain, "Tom knows his classics, too, I'll warrant him, if they have any thing to do with the women. Why, man, he has been in love with some one or other ever

since he was big enough to handle a swab, to my knowledge. And now, as you seem to have laid a sufficient stock in your bread room, what shall we do for a little motion? Shall we strike our course down to the meadows on foot, or drive for an hour or two in the wagon. Any thing to be moving."

The doctor preferred a walk in the meadows, and thither they accordingly went; where, whilst the captain amused himself in rallying the mowers, or lounging with his dogs under a tree, he employed himself very agreeably in catching lizards, which were so numerous, that before dinner-time he secured enough to set out a quart bottle with all the different varieties.

In the meanwhile, either his medicine or the brandy with which it had been qualified, had operated so effectually, that on their return Tom was found completely cured. Thus the doctor received great credit for his skill, and his new acquaintances pressed him so warmly to remain with them until his troubles with the widow lady should be adjusted, that he could not find it in his heart to refuse them.

Chapter VII.

The doctor domesticates himself at the Cabin—is forgotten at Turkeytown—a memorable excursion in a light-wagon; and some curious discourses upon love and other matters.

Whilst doctor Post was thus domesticating himself with his new friends, Rumour, with her hundred tongues, was making very free with his character at Turkeytown. Some of those benevolent persons who prefer attending to any one's business rather than their own, had circulated the report of his elopement with wonderful celerity; but as none of them knew his reason for going, or where he had gone to, and were at the same time unwilling to appear ignorant of these important particulars, their accounts differed very widely from each other. I shall not, however, trouble the reader with a list of the numerous opinions that were related as facts on this occasion, since they were as various as the imaginations of their authors, and could serve no useful purpose in the prosecution of my history. Mrs. Peweetle, whatever might have been her thoughts, kept them entirely to herself, or communicated them only to Mr. Peacock, with whom she held several long conferences, though there is some reason to suspect that their conversation was

not entirely confined to this subject. The only persons besides these two, who may be supposed to have felt any real concern for the unfortunate runaway, were doctor Lavender and my father, and as neither of these could find any clue to the mystery, they soon gave up the attempt, and endeavoured to reconcile themselves to the loss. Doctor Lavender carried his saddle-bags himself, and my father found new disciples wherever he could; in fine, the edges of slander and curiosity were worn off in a few days, and doctor Post was forgotten by every body, or only remembered in connexion with the events of by-gone times. Thus it is with us all, "out of sight, out of mind," is a proverb that will generally hold good the world over. Our regards and affections spring from selfishness, and can only be kept alive whilst the object of them is present to administer to our gratifications. As to the fugitive himself, he had no pretensions to that vivid sensibility which is the source of so many pleasures and griefs to others, and he probably knew little and thought still less of the reports that were circulating at his expense. Still, he was so far removed from the only sphere for which he was adapted, and the only habits which custom had rendered natural and familiar were so broken up, that he could not be happy. What his precise sentiments were with respect to the widow lady, as he called

her, it would be very difficult to tell, for he never could fathom them himself. He had so puzzled and perplexed his brain with "the ceremonies of asking and receiving in marriage," that it is probable he never could find leisure to think of any thing else. During his stay at Tartar Hall, for so the captain was pleased to denominate his residence, his manners and conversation were a continual source of astonishment to the other inmates; for as they had never before met with a similar character, they were entirely at a loss what to make of him. In the course of a few days he had conveyed to his chamber the greatest part of the skeleton of an old horse, which he had discovered somewhere in the woods, together with a variety of turtle shells and such like curiosities, and the partitions he had ornamented with some scores of butterflies and other insects, fastened there by thrusting pins through their bodies. By these means, if he had remained a few weeks longer at the Hall, he would perhaps have rendered his new apartment as comfortable as the one he had left at Turkeytown; but the fates ordained it otherwise.

One afternoon, after spending an idle and tedious day, the captain and Tom proposed a cruise in their favourite vehicle, the light-wagon; and the doctor, though he could not see much sense in riding for pleasure, was prevailed upon to accompany them.

The steeds were accordingly harnessed, and Tom, assuming the reins, drove off at the rate of about ten knots an hour. After proceeding a couple of miles, the captain suddenly desired him to relate the history of his loves over again, that Tom, after being made fully acquainted with the true state of the case, might be enabled to pass his judgment on the measures necessary to be pursued hereafter.

Not being particularly fluent, except upon subjects in relation to which his brain was filled with my father's conceits, nor accustomed to consult upon serious matters when riding rapidly over a rough road in a carriage without springs; it was terribly annoying to the doctor, that captain Cutwater should have chosen such an unseasonable time to consider the most perplexing affair he had ever met with. Never did lovelorn swain tell his story at greater disadvantage; it seemed as if the driver took especial pains to pick his way over every stone in the road —the words bolted out by one, two, and three at a time, and with such a variety of incongruous tones, that whilst he afforded infinite amusement to his two counsellors, the dignity of philosophy was altogether set at defiance. At last, when he had made shift with much difficulty to get through with it, he was obliged to resort to his usual remedy when in trouble, and shook his head most violently.

"Now, Tom," said the captain, tapping his fore-

head significantly, as he spoke, "let the gentleman have the benefit of your experience; what shall he do to win the widow lady?"

"Do!" replied the party addressed, "why let him throw overboard them five actions that he talks so much about; I never could see any use in laying off and on in that manner. If you play round them in that way, the little devils will lead you a chase for a week, or a month, or may be two; and what is a poor fellow to do then, who is only on shore about half that time from one voyage to another. No, no," continued he, cracking his whip, to give the assertion sufficient emphasis, "the best plan is to run boldly alongside like a privateer, and grapple them at once."

"But do you not find, Mr. Ratlin, that the feelings of the females revolt against the violence of that system?" said the doctor.

"There is no violence in it, sir, nothing but love," said Tom.

"What then do you hold the essence of love to consist in?" inquired the doctor.

"Why, hem! I don't know what the essence is," replied Tom, "but I always understood love to be a kind of drawing, sir, by which God Almighty causes a man and woman to drift together as naturally as two ships in a calm."

"Now, here is an instance that proves precisely

the contrary," cried the doctor, whose argumentative zeal began to get the better of rough roads and every thing else; "the love between myself and the widow lady has not had the effect of drawing us together, but exactly the reverse; it has pushed us asunder; and, therefore, will I hold and maintain, that the essence of love is not a drawing, but a pushing."

This lucky hit delighted the doctor excessively, for he had by it, as he thought, not only knocked down the hypothesis of the experienced Mr. Thomas Ratlin, but also raised up a perfectly new one of his own; which with him was not an every day occurrence. He had hitherto taken up with the second rate honour of supporting those of my father, and often envied him his happy faculty for building systems out of nothing. He accordingly resolved that this new principle should henceforth form one of the most fundamental axioms of his philosophy, chuckling not a little in anticipation of the admiration with which it would undoubtedly be received by the first of modern sages. But, then, again, came a melancholy reflection; when would it be in his power to make the communication? and this brought him back again to his difficulties in relation to the widow, which for the time had entirely escaped his memory. He thus, to

use the words of the mad old bard of Avon, continued,

"Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,"

whilst Tom and his superior officer continued the conversation between them.

"I do not know," said the former, with a grin, "whether it be a drawing or a pushing; it may be both; but of this I am sure, that whenever one of the dear creatures comes in sight, it is sure to warp me alongside of her."

"That I can testify," said the captain, "and now I remember, Tom, when we were hauling off in the stream, the Tartar's second voyage, what a tender scene you had upon the wharf"—

"That was with Moll Dowling," said Tom. "Did I never tell you the story of poor Moll?"

"I believe not," said the captain; "but if you have, you may tell it over again if it is a good one."

"Why, then, it begins thus," said Tom, biting off a fresh quid of tobacco, and wiping away a tear that had started in his eye, with the corner of his coat sleeve. "But, whenever I think of poor Moll, sir, there comes over me such a fit of melancholy —I never can tell it, sir, in a kindly way, unless it is by moonlight."

"And why by moonlight?" said the captain.

"That I have often wondered myself," replied Tom; "often, and often, when it has been my watch

on deck, have I sat gazing upon the bright moon for hours, whilst her picture was dancing over the rippling waves, and playing up and down on our white sails, as they rose and descended with the swell, and wondered what it was, that seemed to come into my heart with such a soft and gentle influence."

"You are getting quite sentimental, Tom," said the captain, "but in good truth, the moon is a friendly planet, and I have often thought so, when in the midst of a storm, I have seen her break out for a moment from behind the black scudding clouds, just as if it was to put the poor sailor in mind that there was some one aloft to watch over and protect him."

"Ah!" said Tom, musing at the recollections which these observations inspired, "there was music in them times, but it's all over now. Here we are laid up like old worm-eaten hulks, to rot on dry land, and we shall never again hear the wind whistle, and see the big waves rolling along with their white caps."

"Now mounting up to the clouds, and now sinking again in the deep trough," said the captain, taking up the theme with equal enthusiasm, "and laying to in the eye of the wind, when the albatross and the sea-gull could not keep on the wing; with sails flapping and bursting into ten thousand

pieces, and timbers creaking, and wild surges breaking over the decks, loaded with foam and fire:"—

"And the loud thunder," said Tom, "rumbling and crashing over our heads, and the streaks of lightning that flash over the scraggy clouds and the angry waters, and show them for a moment, mixing and heaving together, and then the black darkness that shuts them all up, and we can only hear the waves lashing against the ship's sides, and feel ourselves lifted up and down, as one after another they pass beneath us."

"Say no more, Tom, say no more," cried the captain, "by G—d we must have another ship; we will see the blue waters again, my old boy."

At this moment Tom stretched his head and long neck out of the front of the wagon, and, after gazing for a moment very intently on something ahead, cried out, "sail ho!"

It may be necessary to observe, that, during this last colloquy between the captain and Tom, the recollection of old times and old scenes, had so occupied their minds, that their fellow-traveller, the doctor, was entirely forgotten. The meditations of the latter were soon broken up, by observing that Tom, as soon as the name of Moll Dowling was mentioned, commenced twisting off huge pieces of tobacco, and applying the whip to his horses, alternately: both these actions were probably per-

formed unconsciously with respect to himself, but not so to his steeds, which soon broke into a hard gallop. The doctor, already in great distress, was now prodigiously frightened, and immediately began to cry out, "I pray, Mr. Thomas! I beg, good Mr. Ratlin!" but his endeavours to draw the attention of that worthy were entirely vain, and the wagon began to whirl along so rapidly, that in a little time he was altogether deprived of the power of utterance. They had, by this time, entered an extensive pine forest, and the road, though narrow, became very level and sandy. Consequently there was not much apparent danger of accidents, until Tom cried out, "sail ho!" as before mentioned.

"What is he?" asked the captain.

"I don't understand his rig," said Tom, eyeing the object sharply—"he seems to have all his spars and rigging stowed away on his quarters, and there's something like a t'gallant forecastle—by G—d! he is making signals."

What Tom said was true, for, upon looking out, a curious non-descript kind of vehicle, that seemed to partake of the nature both of a gig and a cart, was perceived at some distance before them. The owner of it, seeing a carriage coming down upon him in such formidable style, had arisen upon his feet, and was making the most violent gesticulations towards them.

"I think we can weather him," said the captain.

"As easily as Cape Cod, in a norwester," replied Tom.

"Steady as you go," said the former.

"Steady," repeated the latter.

Chapter VIII.

The misfortunes of Mr. Trip, an English traveller—the doctor offers his consolations, which are refused, and a tremendous conflict takes place in the bottom of a farm wagon.

The occupant of the unknown vehicle, for we shall take the liberty to skip from one to the other as it suits our convenience, was a button maker from the famous and happy city of Manchester. Having by some means or other found his way across the Atlantic, he was travelling through the country, partly for the humane purpose of civilizing the natives; partly for another very good purpose, that of writing a book; and partly for the purpose of doing some little business in the way of speculation. Now, it was this very respectable person's misfortune, that since his arrival on the shores of America, he had not met with one individual good

thing of any description except his horse, which in consequence of his superior skill in jockyship he had purchased at a great bargain from a Yankee boy. But even Dobbin, after a few days' driving, suddenly became lame of one leg, blind of both eyes, and as old and poor as Lazarus; so that Mr. Trip was fully convinced of the truth of Buffon's observation, "that all kinds of animals, from man downwards, are sure to degenerate on the western continent."

Such as he was, however, Dobbin was harnessed to a kind of sulkey, which supported, besides the seat of the driver, two or three large boxes (the same which Tom had taken for a t'-gallant forecastle and bundles of spars) containing a sufficient supply of ale and Thames water, which the owner, not expecting to find any drinkable in America, had brought over for his own occasions. In this manner they were travelling along very quietly, when the light-wagon came in sight, and Mr. Trip finding, after a short trial, that his deprecating gestures had no effect in stopping its progress, became firmly impressed with the opinion, that it was the intention of the natives to run over, trample him down, and mash his body into ten thousand pieces. His only chance to avoid such a catastrophe, seemed to consist in outrunning the merciless savages; and accordingly deriving resolution from despair, he

suddenly resumed his seat, and applying the lash to his horse, urged him off at the very top of his speed.

Nothing could exceed the glee with which our two heroes beheld this unexpected manœuvre. Tom inserted about six inches of pigtail into his capacious mouth, and cracking his whip, urged on his cattle still faster. For some moments the race appeared likely to be stoutly contested; the stern of the chaise now appearing, and now involved in clouds of dust, for the driver was not sparing of the lash; and his horse, which had been a spirited nag in his time, switched his tail, and scrabbled along on three legs so earnestly, and with such incredible effort, that every muscle in his body seemed in danger of being cracked by such violent exertion. But, alas! poor Dobbin had been long off the oat list. The little wind he had was soon expended, and the light-wagon began to gain upon him rapidly; and now it was, that the catastrophe so much dreaded by the traveller had well nigh happened; for, as the fates would have it, the two vehicles came together at a place where the passage was so much contracted by an unlucky stump which Tom had not observed, that in attempting to pass, the wheels became interlocked, and the Englishman's equipage was capsized in an instant. Nor had the rival charioteers better success; for

almost at the same moment the top of their wagon came into contact with the limb of a tree, which hurled it from the axles, and left our three worthies spinning upon their heads in the road.

The captain and Tom, to whom such accidents were familiar enough, soon crawled out, and finding they had sustained little or no injury, set about relieving their companion. The doctor, who even before this accident had been nearly speechless, was now so stunned and frightened, that after laying him upon his back on the ground, and sprinkling his face with some muddy water, which one of them brought in his hat from a neighbouring ditch, they began to be seriously alarmed at this unexpected termination of their frolic. The unlucky traveller, too, stood as much in need of assistance as the doctor, and they could think of no better expedient than to lift them both into a farm wagon, which fortunately came up at this time, and having some bundles of straw in the bottom, was well adapted for conveying them to the nearest village. In this manner, laid side by side, they were under charge of the captain and the wagoner's boy, driving towards a neighbouring town, whilst the farmer assisted Tom in collecting and bringing after them the remnants of the broken carriages.

Under no circumstances, perhaps, do people usually have so much sympathy for each other, as when

they happen to be sharers in the same misfortune. Two men nearly frightened to death, rolling and bumping against each other at every jolt in the bottom of a farm wagon, must have possessed hearts as hard as millstones if they had felt none. Now the doctor's, to do him justice, was almost as soft as his head, and after he had come to a little, and grunted for awhile in chorus with his fellow sufferer, he began to feel so much interested in his fate, that forgetting his own misfortunes, he thought only of laying open his budget of comforts for the benefit of the luckless stranger. He accordingly opened his mouth, and spoke to this purpose.

"My friend, whoever or whatever thou art, thou shouldst remember, that for all the evils of life, nature has provided suitable and efficacious remedies. If thy sufferings are mental, call philosophy to thy aid, and she will not fail to relieve thee; if they are even corporeal, her assistance will still be invaluable, because all our sensations receive their complexion from the imagination. Let us not then consume the time in considering by what singular chance we have been thrown together in this situation, but rather make the most of those comforts which a beneficent genius has spread out so plentifully in every direction, that man, even in the bottom of an ox cart, (for such I take this to be) has only to stretch out his hand and grasp them.

How easy is it, for instance, to imagine this straw a bed of down, and the interior of this cart a most comfortable chamber; and what is there to prevent you from enjoying it as such, whilst I, who am a practising physician, will gladly bestow such assistance as science and the art of medicine can afford."

These words were spoken in perfect sincerity, but the traveller, as far as he could understand them, thought they were intended to ridicule his distress. "Who is it," cried he in a rage, "that thus dares to add insult to injury. Was it not enough to be robbed, and maimed, and bruised, and exposed to the most imminent danger of my life! O! Timothy Trip," he continued, apostrophizing himself, "O! Timothy, Timothy; why didst thou leave thine own incomparable country to wander amongst the barbarous inhabitants of this execrable land! Fool that thou wast, not to take warning from the narratives of those worthy travellers who have journied through this wilderness before thee; and who have described with such wonderful veracity and minuteness, their hairbreadth escapes, and the dangers to which a civilized being is every where exposed amongst the ferocious natives. Dolt! to imagine, the savages would have received thee with a joyful welcome, and gladly embraced the improvements in agriculture and the

arts, thou wast so generously disposed to communicate to them. Ah! that I had continued in my own shop at Manchester, and suffered this ungrateful race to remain for ever buried in their stupidity and ignorance."

"Far be it from me," quoth the doctor, who understood about as much of this speech, as the traveller did of his, "far be it from me to offer insult or injury to one whom his unlucky fates have brought into tribulation. On the contrary, worthy sir, my sole design was to offer you a share of that comfort and consolation I have myself derived from the presence of philosophy, and also the assistance, my profession, which is that of a practitioner of medicine, enables me to render. If you have wounds and bruises, let them not grieve you; for be assured I will, upon the first convenient opportunity, apply to them such salves and lotions as will greatly assist nature in effecting their cure."

"Would you have me believe, that you, a native of these woods, where even the English language has degenerated into an unintelligible jargon, can be acquainted with the noble science of medicine!" cried the tourist, whose spleen seemed in no ways mollified by this address; "and have you the insolence to talk to me, an Englishman, of your poisonous salves and lotions! but think not, barbarous quack, that I am unaware of your nefarious pur-

poses, or that I will submit to be sacrificed without an effort." Thus saying, he, without further ceremony, inserted both his hands into the doctor's hair, and a sudden jolt occurring at the same time, pulled it so violently, that philosophy, indignant at finding her friendly advances received so ungraciously, took to her heels, and got out of the farm wagon as fast as she could. Passion succeeded to the sway, and, assuming the direction of the doctor's fist, which was none of the smallest, made with it such an application to the traveller's nasal promontory, that the claret flowed in abundance. Upon receiving this salute, the latter relinquished his hold of his antagonist's hair, and making a mighty effort, threw himself on the top; then raising his own "hammer," he would infallibly have furnished the doctor with a pair of natural spectacles, had he not, with more agility than he was supposed capable of exerting, overturned the Englishman in his turn. In the meantime, the captain, who had been walking near the wagon, hearing the noise which proceeded from this caterwauling, looked over the side, and at first could not forbear a hearty laugh; but fearing the combatants should do each other a mischief, he now laid hold of them both, and, by dragging them to opposite ends of the vehicle, succeeded in effecting a separation. "What!" said the peace-maker, "can't you lay alongside for

an hour or two without going to loggerheads together; come, come, doctor, put up your fist, man; it is your business to mend heads, and not to break them."

"Captain Cutwater," quoth the doctor, shaking his head, and speaking with a very solemn air, "I am a man of peace."

"Aye, aye," answered the captain, "I know you are a non-combatant, and I'll warrant me that this gentleman with the scarlet phiz, will bear witness that you are a man of peace."

"I bear witness!" exclaimed the latter, sullenly, "but you say well, Mr. Savage. I will bear witness in my own country to the horrible scenes I have beheld. I will add my voice to those of our Fearon and Ashe, whose travels will ever remain immortal monuments of their wonderful genius, as well as of their information and good sense. Well have they assured their countrymen, that the natives of this wilderness are a race of barbarous, uncouth, ferocious, presumptuous, and ignorant savages; possessing few of the ordinary characteristics of humanity, either in the mind or body. Even their vernacular language is entirely unknown amongst them. It was not long since, in attempting to teach one of the poor creatures the art of fowling, he had the folly and impudence to assert to me that a certain part of a gun is called the muz-

zle. O! most superlative ignorance; not to know that the muzzle is an instrument for the ox. What an incident will this be for the reviewers! they shall quote it, and the ministers in parliament shall repeat it; even the little children shall learn to lisp it; and the travels of Timothy Trip, Esq. shall doubtless be honoured with a conspicuous place on my lord's mantel-piece."

Our readers will perceive that this candidate for literary honours was much given to soliloquizing, which, indeed, was the natural consequence of his sense of being the only conversible being of the party. These last reflections had evidently put him into a much better humour, and the captain, who had listened in silent astonishment to such words proceeding from such a source, now burst out into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter, that he could not restrain his merriment until they arrived at the village. He was so much diverted with the fears and complaints of the stranger, that he promised himself an excellent evening's entertainment in his company. But in this he was disappointed; for Tom Ratlin arriving almost at the same moment with the wagon and sulkey, the traveller, after seeing his redoubtable steed well stabled, and giving a variety of directions to the ostler, at which the latter grinned and scratched his head most provokingly, he called for a separate apart-

ment, and, in order to study the manners and customs of the natives with more ease and security, bolted the door, and peremptorily refused to admit any one but the maid servant, who waited upon him at supper. Our sailor, however, met with amusement from a source he had not anticipated; but, as the events we come now to relate, are far too important to be thrust into the fag-end of a chapter, we shall here break off, and begin again with a new.

Chapter XI.

In which it will be seen that the doctor meets with old acquaintances at the Inn—and the curious termination of his perplexities—also the dreadful events which befell the traveller in the night.

As soon as the innkeeper had waited upon the traveller to his chamber, and provided for his accommodation as well as he was able, he returned in haste to our three friends, who had established themselves in the bar-room, and spoke to this purpose. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am sorry I cannot wait upon you this evening with as much at-

tention as I could wish, but the truth is, there has a wedding party just arrived at my house, and really, in calling for this, that, and the other article, they have turned every thing quite topsyturvy, as my wife says."

"You are perfectly excusable on such an occasion, Master Bluebottle," answered the captain, "for, when people run their necks into such a dangerous noose as wedlock, it is but reasonable that they should be allowed to play for awhile with a slack line. For my own part, I have never yet been hampered with a wife, and, as I am some years on the wrong side of fifty, it is now most likely that I never shall be; but I have not become so old and crusty as to wish all new married couples at the devil, as your true old bachelors and old maids are very apt to do in their hearts. On the contrary, I am always pleased to see them as merry as they can make themselves, and I certainly shall never throw a straw in the way of their doing so."

"You speak like a reasonable gentleman," said the innkeeper, "and I am exactly of your opinion, because, if a man neglects to make merry upon his wedding night, as I told my wife this blessed evening, there is no certainty that he will ever have another opportunity."

"There is no art," said the doctor, "so truly

enviable as that which, with the assistance of philosophy, enables the possessor to convert every turn of fortune, whether good or bad, into a source of pleasure. I am, therefore, ready to agree to what has been said, so far as this; that, after the ceremonies of asking and receiving in marriage have been properly and happily performed, the mind may be usefully relaxed by innocent jollities and merry-makings; but to suppose they might never after have an opportunity of enjoying themselves, is an idea that in my opinion is preposterous in the extreme. A wise man should convert pain into pleasure, his vexations into comforts, and his sorrows into joys; and thus, whatever incidents may turn up, there is a moral certainty of his uninterrupted happiness."

As these observations were made in his usual solemn and pompous manner, the innkeeper made a low bow, and expressed himself greatly benefitted by the doctor's erudition. The captain wondered for the fiftieth time, that a man who could speak with so much gravity and learning upon almost every subject, should invariably act with so much simplicity; and he was beginning to make some remarks upon this subject, when the conversation was interrupted. At this moment, a man was heard loudly vociferating, "landlord! landlord!" and this summons not being immediately answered, the door

opened, and a gentleman made his appearance dressed in a pea-green coat and white breeches, who the doctor at once knew to be his old friend and adviser, Mr. Augustus Peacock. The astonishment at this meeting was mutual, but the latter, after standing a moment in suspense, advanced and took the practitioner by the hand. "Why, doctor," said he, "here has your elopement, or absconding, or whatever you may choose to term it, made more talk in Turkeytown than the sheriff's election. What, in the name of wonder, could have induced you to leave us in such an unaccountable manner?"

Some indistinct, gurgling sounds, issued from the doctor's throat in reply to this address, but not being able to deliver himself, he was obliged to remain content with shaking his head with more than usual vehemence.

"Your friends," continued Mr. Peacock, "had given you up for lost, and for myself, I must positively declare I never expected to meet with you again; but, since it has happened otherwise—why—the truth must be told—yes, the truth must be told. Strange things—yes, strange—very strange things, doctor! have occurred since you left us." Whilst thus speaking, the worthy pedagogue seemed very much confused, as though there was something on his mind he found it difficult to get rid of;

but, as the doctor, though he had pressed his hand with every mark of cordiality, did not yet appear to be in a condition to reply, he went on with rather more boldness. "It may seem strange to you," said he, "but, when one man abandons his object, there is no harm if another should try; and when one is out of sight, he is very likely to be forgotten; and, but the short and long of the matter is, doctor, that I have been married to-day, and to your own dulcinea, that is, as was, but I hope you will owe me no grudge on that account, as you had to all intents and purposes given up the pursuit."

The fact was, the pedagogue and the widow had, after the doctor's disappearance, laid their heads together to make up a match between themselves; and with all the gigs and other wheeled carriages, that could be collected upon a very brief notice, the bridal party had arrived at the inn a few moments before our travellers. The doctor received his communication with an amazement, which, for the time, deprived him of the power of utterance. He rolled his goggle eyes, and worked the muscles of his cheeks and the corners of his mouth, in such a manner, that the bystanders concluded the intelligence was about to bring on a violent fit of sneezing—but they were mistaken: he was only struggling to repress some unaccountable feelings of merriment, which even threatened to terminate

in an actual giggle. This folly he considered utterly inconsistent with the dignity of philosophy, and had not been guilty of it within the memory of his oldest acquaintances. On this occasion, however, the excitement proved too strong for his self-control, and, after various grimaces and contortions of countenance, he was obliged to give it way.

"He, he, hi; ho, ho, he; hi ho; then the widow lady will not die of a consumption; she will, he, hi, be very happy, ho, ho."

"I think this is a most singular affair," said the captain.

"It is, indeed, captain Cutwater, he, he, very singular, and very incomprehensible."

"By G—d," said Tom, "the gentleman takes it in a very curious manner, too."

"Very curious, indeed, Mr. Ratlin, he, he, ho; but a combination amongst men, is very advantageous, he, he, for thus it is all our difficulties are overcome. I can now go back to the assistance of docter Lavender forthwith."

"Not to-night, not to-night!" cried the bridegroom, seizing him by the arm, "would you leave me at such a time as this? you must dance with the bride first, and if these gentlemen," bowing to our two sailors, "will honour the conjugium of a poor pedagogue—why, jocularis is the watchword—so

come along, my friends, prima societas in ipse conjugio est, as Cicero says."

Thus saying, the jovial bridegroom led the way to an apartment upon the second floor, which, from its size, had been selected for the celebration of the nuptial revels. Here, surrounded by her attendants, the bride sat, enthroned in all matronly dignity; her countenance, whilst it mantled at proper times with a modest blush, sufficiently evincing that she was by no means insensible to the consequence and advantages of being the principal actress in the scene. The entrance of our three friends was not without interest to several of the fair assistants, for, in consequence of the little time allowed for preparations, the balance between the male and female sections of the party had not been so well preserved, but that a few of the latter had been led into some unpleasant reflections upon the improbability of being accommodated with partners.

When the little bustle attending their introduction had subsided, the signal was given to an old negro who had been tuning his fiddle in one corner, upon which they all turned to with good will, and danced and sung and made merry until bedtime, when the bride and groom being happily disposed of, the rest of the party also began to think of retiring to rest. As for the doctor, he positively declared, he never recollected having expe-

rienced so great an exuberance of animal spirits, as upon this happy occasion. He several times pulled the bridegroom by the sleeve, and desired very earnestly to know whether he had met with any difficulty in getting through the five actions, but the latter being too much engaged, he was obliged to go to bed without obtaining this desirable piece of information. Being at length shown to a chamber, he walked to and fro for some time, muttering the words "curious, curious, curious," and then suddenly whipped off his coat with so much energy, that the candle was overthrown, and he was left in total darkness. With some difficulty he found the candlestick, and groped his way to the door. From the noise which was still heard in different parts of the house, he concluded that some of the inmates had not yet retired, and proceeded along the entry in quest of another light. Here we must leave him for the present, in order to relate the accidents which befell some other of the persons concerned in this veritable history.

Chapter X.

Which contains some excellent observations by the author, and the terrific adventures which were encountered by Mr. Trip amongst the savages.

Before proceeding further with our narrative, gentle reader, I cannot forbear stopping to introduce one of those profound reflections, which will undoubtedly render this little work the admiration of all those people who have any pretensions to discernment. For those who do not possess this quality, I care but little; and, indeed, that little arises only from the spirit of philanthropy which first induced me to dip the pen into my inkstand, and even now causes me to wish, that all the world may read and learn wisdom from my pages. For my own part, I must acknowledge, however, that much of the philosophical ingenuity which the public may be disposed to pass to my credit, is in reality due to my poor dear father, who, peace to his memory! is now dead and gone, but who bequeathed to me all the maxims he had collected in the course of his long and active life, and who had besides been the means of bringing me into the world with a head capable of arranging and digesting them. I mention this, because I am aware of

the power of envy, and of her extensive sway over the human heart; and I therefore wish all those who may be disposed to cast sheep's eyes at me on this account, distinctly to understand, that I claim no individual superiority over the rest of my species, in any manner, shape, or form. The lamp that illuminates my intellectual faculties, was supplied with wick and oil, by my good father, as before stated, and between you and me, it was lit up some five and twenty years ago by a spark from the bright eyes of my lovely Mary. Had it not been for her, I do candidly believe it might have remained hanging in the chambers of my brain to this day, without giving a single speck of light. Her form and features were such perfect models of symmetry and beauty, that no one could behold her without admiration, and her heart was the throne of innocence and modesty. But I ask pardon for introducing her here;—the kind of love to which I would now draw the attention of the reader is very different from that pure and sentimental flame which is kindled by such charms as her's. On the contrary, it is often produced without any charms, or by such charms as can only be perceived or felt by their possessors; and this species, which is generally called self-love, will be found, I believe, more universally prevalent than any other. Let a man be never so deformed in body, or ill-grained in his

disposition, he cherishes an affection for his own dear self, which neither time, disease, or infirmities, can in any wise diminish. It lives on from youth to old age, is born with us and dies with us, and, therefore, though it has been called by many hard names, as a selfish and unamiable passion, it may be said to be, in its own place, a most excellent and constant friend. Under all circumstances it is awake and watchful, and whenever we are menaced with even the slightest injury, it seldom neglects any possible means to shield us from the danger. So far then from this passion being deserving of the slander which has been so often heaped upon it, it is in reality a kind of guardian angel, and without its interposing care every man would be in serious risk of having his neck broken a dozen times for every day of his life. But we must now return to the further history of the adventures which befell the English tourist, in which the observations we have just made will be very happily exemplified.

That gentleman having, as before related, taken his supper and locked the door on the inside, sat down to insert in his journal the wonderful events he had met with in the course of the day. This occupied his attention for some time, as they had even been more remarkable than usual. As soon as he had finished, this guardian angel we have

been speaking of, began to stir herself, and at her suggestion he made a careful examination under the bed, up the chimney, and of all other places where an interloper would be likely to conceal himself;—being probably of opinion that any person who might be found in such a situation, was there for no good. Then, having placed a table before the door, and a pile of chairs upon the top of it, that if any one should burst it open there might be sufficient alarm given, he undressed himself and slipped into bed.

Now it so happened, that the apartment where the worthy pedagogue was celebrating his nuptials, was situated but a short distance from that of the traveller, and the latter was just falling into a comfortable doze, when the fiddle struck up, and the whole party commenced dancing their "corn rows" and other fashionable reels with great spirit. The noise necessarily created by these proceedings, appeared to him exceedingly suspicious, and the more so as he had always heard that the North American savages usually commenced their wars and deeds of cruelty with a dance. He had understood, likewise, that they generally stripped to the buff and smeared their limbs with oil and lampblack; and in this state he expected every moment to see them burst into his room with their tomahawks and scalping knives, for he sagaciously concluded they would

not neglect such an excellent opportunity to feast upon the blood of an Englishman. Agonized with these dismal apprehensions, he felt but little inclination to woo the gentle god of slumber, nor would he permit that benign deity to lay so much as the weight of a finger upon his eyelids; which indeed was natural enough, for I have observed that when people expect to be scalped and tomahawked, they generally prefer having those agreeable operations performed when awake. After laying for about half an hour, he got up and looked out of the window, and through a crack in the door, but not being able by these means to discover what was going forward, he took the tongs into bed with him as a defensive weapon, and endeavoured to stifle the horrible sounds by enveloping his head in the bed clothes. But all this precaution was in vain, the noise still rang in his ears, and ever and anon a shout of laughter arose, which seemed to him like the discordant yells of a hundred savages. As the witching time of midnight came on, the hour usually appropriated to sprites, spectres, and fearful beings of every denomination, his alarm increased to a degree that was almost insupportable.

At length the dancing ceased; "and now," thought he, "the crisis has arrived; they have worked themselves up to the pitch of frenzy, and will presently come to execute their barbarous pur-

poses." To add to his fears, a noise was actually heard upon the stairs, and being no longer able to withstand the terror, he again sprang out of bed and ran to the window. A slight examination, however, convinced him that a descent from the latter was no feasible undertaking. He then removed the barricade from before his door as silently as possible, and placed his ear against the key hole. At this moment an old clock that stood in the entry, began to jingle out the hour of three, and the effect upon his excited nerves was so irresistibly startling, that without more ado he seized upon the tongs with one hand and his pantaloons with the other, and ran out of the room to escape from his imaginary assailants by the best opportunity that should offer.

As soon as the door was opened, he beheld a light twinkling at one end of the entry, and sagaciously concluding that the savages were there also, he chose to run the opposite direction; and had not proceeded very far, before in groping his way through the dark, his hand came in contact with the woolly head of the musician, who at that time was staggering under the weight of some dozen or more glasses of brandy, towards his straw bed in the garret. The moment he found his progress interrupted in this manner, he lifted the tongs, and without waiting to say his prayers, discharged a

blow that would have effectually tried the solidity of the negro's skull, had it not been luckily intercepted by his fiddle. The latter indeed was completely demolished; which so enraged its owner, who was an old warrior, that he began to lay about him on all sides with great fury; and though from the combined effects of darkness and brandy he was unable to see his antagonist, he soon bestowed one or two such effectual thumps upon his carcass, that the traveller was heartily glad, by the bursting open of a side door, to be pushed out of the way of such random shots.

In the meantime the blood of the old warrior was completely heated by the combat; and he continued drumming the air with great vigour and no small noise, until finally, the doctor, who was just then seeking his light, received such a thwack over the head with the remnant of the broken fiddle, that he was nearly prostrated on the floor. Alarmed at the hubbub produced by this affair, the landlord and others came running to the spot with lights, and arrived just in time to protect the doctor from the further effects of the negro's rage, who, rendered habitually crabbed and testy by constant indulgence, was now so incensed that it required all their efforts to restrain him. The landlord cursed him heartily, and with the assistance of one or two ostlers dragged him up to his cockloft, and there

left him to compose himself at his leisure. Peace being thus restored, the doctor was furnished with another candle, and a part of the company retired to their beds, whilst the remainder, with the captain and Tom Ratlin at their head, went back to the bar-room with the view of resuming their attentions to a brandy bottle which had been left unfinished.

In this apartment there already existed palpable evidences of the warfare which had been maintained between a set of gallant spirits, and the representatives of that powerful potentate, John Barleycorn. Several broken and empty bottles evinced the prowess of the one party, and as many prostrate and lifeless bodies which lay stretched upon the tables and on the floor, were the equally glorious trophies of the other. Many there were, also, who had been wounded in various degrees; some could yet walk, and others could sit on their chairs with some assistance, and of these it must be said, to their immortal honour, that not one of them flinched from the combat, but returned to the charge again and again, with the most undaunted courage, as long as they could see the enemy. The disturbance occasioned by the traveller and the negro, had caused a temporary cessation of this obstinate conflict, as most of those who still retained the management of their legs, had accompanied the landlord to as-

sist in restoring order; but this having been happily effected, they returned to the attack with increased ardour.

"I do assure you, my good friends," said mine host, when he had seen his guests once more comfortably seated, with their weapons in their hands, "that such doings as this, are but rare doings in my house, which every body knows is a good and well ordered house; and I scorn that my company should be interrupted by drunken brawlers; but when the liquor is in, the wit is out, as my wife says, not but that a little of it is a good thing in its place, as I told her this blessed evening, and as you all know by the tokens."

"Spoken like an oracle, master Bluebottle," said the captain, "no man can give a better reason for drinking, when one is wanted; but, for my part, I have sailed up and down the world for these twenty years, and never missed drinking 'sweethearts and wives,' upon Saturday-night, and a glass of good stingo in the morning; that is, bating shipwrecks and accidents, when a glass of good liquor was not to be had. So push along the bottle, Tom; why you are as dull as a dumb porpoise, man; have you never a song or a joke for these jolly people?"

"Why, for that matter, I have songs enough, and jokes, too," said Tom, "but your honour will

please to remember we were talking about Moll Dowling this afternoon!"

"Well, and what then?" said the captain.

"Why, then it is, that I can't sing no more than an owl," said Tom, "and I cannot joke neither, for I have seen Moll this very night."

"The devil you have!" said captain Cutwater, "and how did that happen? was it her ghost?"

"Why, in some sort it might," said Tom, "for she was all dried and shrivelled up like a piece of jerked beef, when she used to be as round and plump as a mellow apple. But, then, she had a dozen children along with her, and some of them as big as I am."

"The deuce she had! But how did you know her?" said the captain.

"Why, how should I know it was her, till she told me so herself?" said Tom. "She knew me, though, and that was the way it came about. I found her selling oysters out of a cart in the tavern yard, and I do believe that Moll was right glad to see her old joe again, especially when she has such a lame, limping, wall-eyed looking thing for a husband."

"So, then, she is married, is she?" inquired the captain.

"Aye, faith! and for the third time," said Tom; "the poor thing has had a good many ups and

downs in the world, since she and I were acquainted, and she told me the whole story. Her first husband was a soldier, and turned out a rascal, as she might have expected from one of them kind of land lobsters; and then she married an oysterman, which your honour knows wasn't much better, for I dare say the fellow was never out of sight of land in his life, and how should he know how to take care of a wife? But he learned her how to open and sell oysters, and when he was drownded, she married this thing she has with her, chiefly, I believe, for the sake of having somebody to watch the cart at odd times, and to wash the plates, and do such other little odd-come-shorts."

"Ah! Tom," said the captain, "old Time makes many things come to pass, which you and I never would have thought of. He trims his sails for all weathers, and keeps on his course without stopping for nights or Sundays: and as far as I can see, there is nobody but comes in for a share of his notice; though it may be, that he has the greater spite at young women with rosy cheeks, since they are commonly marked with his wrinkles before some other kinds of people."

"All that may be very true," said Tom, "and to be sure, thirty years is a long stretch to go and come upon: but who would have thought he should have been so hard upon poor Moll. There is the moon, now, that shines in at the window, as bright

and as young looking as ever she was, and I'll warrant the sea hasn't grown a bit smaller, nor the waves quit to be green upon soundings, and blue in deep water. And there is the sun, that gives as much light every day as it used to do, and every thing goes on in the same way, but poor Moll; who used to be in them times as active and as pretty as a young dolphin, and now she's turned into a great blowsy oysterwoman!"

"Well," replied the captain, "such things are, and I suppose they must be. If the doctor was here, he could tell us the why and wherefore: and yet it was wrong to say, Tom, that all things go on in the same way, except Moll, because they don't. I can remember, myself, when I thought my fingers were of no use but to make pothooks and trammels, and I believed there was'nt a greater man in the world than old Mr. Birchrod the schoolmaster. But Gad-a-mercy! what changes have I seen since then. First, I found myself sitting cross-legged on a shopboard, with a needle and thread in my hand, and a hot goose at my side; and the next thing, I was swabbing the spray from off the quarter-deck of a sloop of war, to keep the officers' feet dry. And so it went on from one scene to another: but there is one thing that I may say for myself, and that is, wherever I was tossed I commonly lit on my feet, for I had a merry heart

under my ribs, and a hand that was ready for all work."

"That I can swear to," answered Tom, "for I have heard you say so a hundred times before; but as to the rest of these matters, they are too deep for my larning."

Thus saying, he helped himself to about a gill of brandy; and set down the empty glass with a long drawn sigh. But whether that sigh was occasioned by his sentimental recollections of Moll Dowling, or whether it was merely such a sigh as topers often send up after the contents of their glasses have been sent down, has always been to my mind a matter of considerable doubt. If it was owing to the former cause, however, he had but little leisure to indulge in such melancholy reflections, for that moment a tremendous crash was heard, as of some heavy body falling, in one of the upper chambers, which was instantly followed by violent screams. The landlord immediately ran to ascertain the cause, and was, as before, followed by such of the party as were able to keep on their feet. In order to explain this new interruption, we must return once more to the English traveller, who seemed fated, in the course of this eventful night, to encounter more dreadful adventures than ever befell the boldest knights of the round table.

Having been pushed through a side door in the

previous scuffle, as before related, he had hastily closed it upon the approach of the landlord and his people, which prevented him from being discovered; but his apprehensions, so far from being allayed by the conversation he overheard, were, on the contrary, greatly increased. His mind, in fact, was so filled with the ridiculous chimeras he had conjured up, that, notwithstanding the utter improbability, he still continued to think, that all these accidents were the result of some deep-laid scheme, against his own individual person and property. Equally afraid to advance in either direction, he continued standing in his shirt, and sweating at every pore, until after the noise had almost entirely subsided. The place being remote from the bar-room, he could hear no sounds, but those of some person coughing, as if with the asthma, (which, in truth, was the landlord's wife,) and, at length, beginning to feel the inconvenience of his situation, he essayed to open the door again, but to his unutterable horror, found that it was fast. He then began to grope his way around the wall, in hopes to find some other place of egress, but his progress was soon stopped by his fingers coming in contact with a sharp iron instrument, furnished with teeth, which his fancy converted into some dreadful engine of torture. He instantly receded two or three paces from the wall, and again reaching forth his hand in the dark, he felt something

like a large earthen pan, but what was his horror, when, in endeavouring to examine the inside, he drew it forth full of congealed human blood! This was too much for his courage; he staggered, and would probably have fallen had he not been supported by a table, upon which the said dreadful pan was standing. The latter, however, was overthrown by the shock, and, rolling upon the floor, broke with considerable noise. Immediately upon this, the coughing ceased, and directly he heard a footstep approaching the door. Being by this time rendered perfectly desperate, he crouched himself in front of the entrance, and, as the door opened, darted like lightning under the legs of a person who was approaching, and then ran into the first open room he met with, which happened fortunately to be his own.

All was now again in confusion; the tenants of the different chambers, hearing the noise, ran out to ascertain the cause; lights glanced, and voices were heard in every direction. Little was to be seen, however, except the portly figure of the landlady, who lay sprawling on the floor, and a dreadful waste of that excellent substance which the good wives call apple butter, but which had been mistaken by the traveller for a very different article. The room where he had concealed himself was, in truth, nothing more or less than the pantry, and the landlady hearing the pan fall, had at first attri-

buted the blame to the cats. Being now raised from the floor, she declared she was bewitched, and to convince the company that it was true, immediately went into a fit of hystericks. She, however, managed to recover in a short time without sending for the doctor.

Chapter X.

In which the traveller escapes without the loss of life or limb—some curious discourses upon witchcraft; and a most interesting story is commenced by Mr. Ratlin.

In the meantime, the traveller, whose ridiculous fears had been the cause of all this commotion, having hastily replaced the table and chairs which formed his barricade, waited with great anxiety until the approach of daylight, which in some measure relieved him from his apprehensions. As the beams of the rosy god gradually swept away the dark mist which had hitherto hung over the town, and prevented him from distinguishing aught but a few shapeless and indistinct masses, he was both surprised and delighted with the prospect spread before his window. The reader must recollect that

he arrived in the evening, and that, too, under circumstances which would have prevented him from seeing a paradise, if he had passed through one; and fancy, who had been very busy with his imagination all night, had mingled plenty of wigwams, tomahawks, scalps, strung upon long poles, and a variety of things "horrible and awful," in the scene she had sketched out for him;—upon a background of deep forest, of course. Now the first glance from his window, convinced him that this same jade Fancy, had followed her usual practice, and lied like a newspaper. That part of the village visible from his situation, consisted of neat frame or brick buildings, surrounded by trees, and having upon the whole a very comfortable and thriving appearance. A slipshod kitchen wench belonging to the tavern, who was hacking a pine-knot by the wood-pile, convinced him also, to his great joy, that a portion at least of the inhabitants were white. The country around, too, as far as his eye could penetrate through a thick and foggy atmosphere, was cleared, and apparently well cultivated.

"Surely," thought he, "this is not Manchester, and yet it does look as if the people had some little idea of civilization." But, then, how to account for the violence of the preceding day, and the dreadful events of the night, he could not imagine.

Look at it as he would, the case was still suspicious, and he finally resolved to sally forth and escape from so dangerous a neighbourhood as soon as possible. For this purpose he ventured to call the landlord, and demand his reckoning, and was agreeably surprised to find, that no one showed the least disposition to detain him.

When the bridal party assembled at breakfast, a variety of jokes and smart sayings were bandied about, relative to the accidents of the night. Many persisted in believing that the house was haunted; until at length the fiddler put them to a stand, by appearing in a new suit of pantaloons, which he declared he had conquered in the combat, and retained as some indemnification for the loss of his fiddle. He, nevertheless, begged of the company to make him a still further indemnification, by the purchase of a new one, which they very liberally promised to do.

This old negro had been, or pretended to have been, attached to some officer during the revolutionary war, of which circumstance he boasted so much, and told so many marvellous tales of his exploits in those trying times, that he had acquired the dignified title of general Bug. He took care to support it, by appearing at all militia musters and parades, equipped with a cocked hat and an old sword, which he had contrived to pick up somewhere or

other, and usually marched in rear of the procession, as long as he remained sober enough to keep the right end downwards. The general had also a great predilection for the law; he attended all the county courts, and was the oracle of those of his own colour, in legal matters. These accomplishments, in addition to his office of fiddler, rendered him a personage of no small consequence; and this being a fact of which he himself was very well aware, he used to style himself, on the strength of his three favourite vocations, professor of love, war, and litigation. The old fellow, who was as proud of his trophy as Hector could have been of the arms of Patroclus, scouted with indignation, the idea of his antagonist being any thing less than mortal flesh and blood, asserting, moreover, that ghosts never wore pantaloons.

This argument did, indeed, pose the ghost believers, and, as it did not apply with equal force to witchcraft, most of the company went over to the opinion of the landlady. The latter ordered Mr. Bluebottle to have a horseshoe nailed on every door in the house, and two on that of the pantry. Mrs. Peacock recommended a couple of ryestraws to be laid crosswise, on every jar of apple butter and sweetmeats, which she declared to be a sovereign charm. Something was also said about young witches and old witches, which led to he-witches

and she-witches, and the merits of these different species were discussed with great learning and impartiality.

Doctor Post observed, that the subject had sometimes attracted his attention, and in the first place it behooved us to inquire whether or no Satan, who is sometimes called the devil, and also by other titles, has, in reality, the power of enduing certain people with those miraculous qualities, which go to constitute and form the essence of witchcraft. In illustrating this point, he referred to the history of the witch of Endor, which he thought would be deemed a conclusive proof, that his satanic majesty did once possess the power we have been speaking of; and if so, he saw no good reason to think, that he had since been deprived of it. Taking these facts for granted, he was of opinion, that witchcraft was more prevalent than was generally imagined, since there could be no question, but that so cunning a spirit would create as many as he could, in order to annoy the good, quiet and sober Christians of this neat little farm of his.

This speech was greatly applauded by all the company, and by none more freely than honest Tom Ratlin, who declared, moreover, that he knew a witch story as well authenticated as that of the witch of Endor, since it had come directly from the mouth of his own grandmother.

"That is very true," said the captain, "the story is an excellent good one; and, as there is but little prospect of amusement without, whilst the weather is so rainy and uncomfortable, I would propose that Tom shall relate it for the entertainment of the company."

This proposition being unanimously approved of, the narrator, after clearing his voice by the usual methods, commenced as follows.

"Well, then," said he, "the story begins about one Michael and Katy. But, first, you must know its a very long yarn, for my grandmother got the schoolmaster to write it down, and I got it off of the paper by heart. When the old woman died, it was found tied up in a stocking foot, along with a leaf of the New Testament. I shall begin at one end, and go straight on to the other, for if I miss a single word I shall be out of my reckoning, and then its ten chances to one, if I get right without going back to the beginning. You will all of you remember, it is called, the

STORY OF MICHAEL AND KATY.

Not far from little Egg-harbour, on the Jersey shore, there is a village called Scrabbletown. It consists of three or four log cabins, and a cow shed or two, pleasantly situated upon a hillock of white sand, much renowned through all the adjacent

country, for the luxuriant crops of crab-grass, which it produces like the garden of Eden, without even the labour of cultivation. There was also a story current at one time, that a bunch of the Jamestown weed (the datura stramonium of botanists, I think it is) was, many years back, seen growing near one of the aforesaid cow sheds; but as we have no positive proof, it cannot be asserted as a fact. But, however this might have been, one of the principal inhabitants of the village was the person whose adventures I am about to relate.

"You see," said Tom, interrupting the narrative to replenish his glass, "that these were the very words of the schoolmaster, as they were written down in black and white. I have the paper at home, now, in the bottom of my chest."

"And was the schoolmaster's name signed to it?" said Mr. Peacock.

"Aye was it," said Tom, "and my grandmother's, too, as a witness. So, if any of you are doubting of its truth, I may as well stop where I am."

"By no means," said Mr. Peacock, "I, for one, am perfectly satisfied with the authorities."

"Well, then," said Tom, "it goes on thus."

Michael Singtotum was a genuine son of Saint Crispin—at least it is certain he never discovered any other father. He was a fine stout fellow, and

in his general aspect very comely. His most remarkable features were a short pug-nose handsomely decorated about the end with brandy blossoms, twinkling gray eyes, and, above all, a pair of red whiskers, artfully curled to the shape of corkscrews, and hanging down beneath his chin, in a manner declared by all the maidens of Scrabbletown to be absolutely irresistible.

Thus favoured by nature, it fell out, of course, that he made wonderful havoc with the hearts of the fair ones. In fact, he soon became a bone of hot contention amongst them, and was even the innocent occasion of the loss of more than one handful of curls, and several valuable caps and ruffles.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Mrs. Peacock, "and I wonder at the schoolmaster to put in such nonsense as that. Only to think of gray eyes and brandy blossoms! why, if Mr. Peacock had any such things in his countenance, I would sooner have gone to my grave, than to have had him. It's the most ridiculous stuff I ever heard of."

"Well, ma'am," answered Tom, "all I can say of it, is, that the women are not all of one mind on that point, and it would be what I should call a damned hard thing if they were, seeing that we are rigged out in all sorts of fashions, and as a man hasn't the making of his own skylights, he must

wear whatever kind of paint there is first put into them."

"Why, for that matter," said the bride, who now observed that Tom's own eyes were of the colour which had just been spoken of with such little esteem, "gray eyes may look very well in some persons, as indeed they do look very handsome, but I wish you would leave out this part about the caps and ruffles, and go on to the witchcraft."

"Begging your ladyship's pardon," said Tom, "I cannot leave out a single word of it, because if I once get put out, the story's done; and if you keep interrupting me so much, I shall never get to the witchcraft in the world, seeing that it all lays at the end in a couple of eggs."

"Well, then," said the lady, "I shall say no more; and I beg you will go on in your own way, for I am impatient to hear the end of it."

Accordingly, the narrator again resumed:

In spite of all this, Michael drank his whiskey, and plied his wax-end and hammer with the most provoking coolness and indifference. He appeared absolutely impervious to the arrows of Cupid, and scarcely seemed to be aware, that there was such a thing in the world as a petticoat.

But let no man presume to set the little god at defiance. Arm yourself as you will, with ice, flint,

or any of the defences generally employed, as we read of in story books; turn your face or your back, its all one, he is sure to have his revenge at some time or other, and Michael could not be expected to escape any more than other people.

"Do you hear that, doctor?" cried the bridegroom. "I would wager a bottle of ink, now, that the schoolmaster who put this story together was a man of learning and deep discernment. Doubtless, he had both Plato and Aristotle at his fingers' ends, or he could never have written so smoothly and so much to the purpose. 'Arm yourself as you will, Cupid will have his revenge at some time or other.' I could not have believed it more firmly if I had made the expression myself."

"I make no question," replied the doctor, shaking his head with more than usual vehemence, "but that he was well acquainted with the classics, and also with the nature of this affection, called love, which, to me, has always been attended with a variety of difficulties. We are, however, interrupting Mr. Ratlin, in the course of his narrative."

"Let him go on," said the bride, "for I think the story improves."

"To be sure it does," said Tom, "and it goes on improving to the end; but where did I leave off —what was the last word?"

Being put right in this particular, he once more resumed:

'He was one day seated in his stall, hammering a piece of sole-leather to the tune of 'the white cockade,' when a fine bouncing maid, named Katy Collops, came in, with a fixed determination to make a desperate attack on the formidable red whiskers. Michael, always polite to the fair sex when they honoured him with a visit, bustled himself about, took down the corner of an old slate—wrote thereon 'Mistress Catherine Collops'—and finally seated himself to ascertain the measurement of the lady's foot. This was precisely the moment which had been waited for by the artful Katy, and no sooner did she see the arrangement completed, than she suddenly kicked off one of her old shoes, and clapped into the hand of the astonished Michael, a neatly turned foot and ankle, covered with a white stocking.

The surprise was entirely successful. Michael remained for some time on one knee, absolutely lost in admiration. A white stocking! such a phenomenon had not been seen amongst the citizens of Scrabbletown within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. A most melancholy sigh issued from the very bottom of his lungs, and was echoed, above, from Katy's compassionate lips. The disconsolate swain was encouraged; he looked up, and

beheld the countenance of the fair one beaming with pride and satisfaction. A slight shawl, loosely thrown around her neck, and crossed upon her bosom, rose and fell in gentle undulations.

Michael thought his heart was stuck through and through with a thousand pegging awls. He quickly clapped his hand over it, but it was too late; it had already been pierced with as many holes as the bottom of a tin colander. In fine, the triumph of the white stocking over the red whiskers was most complete, and from that moment, both Michael and Katy were hated and envied by the whole village.

The jibes and sneers of the malevolent, had, however, but very little effect on this interesting couple. Michael would give a goodnatured shrug with his shoulders when any of them came to his ears, and Katy would snap her fingers, and invite them to an action, which few people in these days are in the habit of performing of their own accord. The courtship went on swimmingly; and the more so, as it only lasted three days. The morning of the fourth had scarcely dawned, when Michael appeared before the cabin door of his beloved in a little one-horse-wagon; and the happy couple seated side by side, and covered by an umbrella, which the bridegroom had gallantly sported on the occasion, were shortly on the road to visit a neighbour-

ing magistrate. The bride blushed and giggled, and the groom was as usual the happiest man living.

In the meantime, Fate was preparing a termination to their excursion, as unexpected as it was appalling. The sound of wheels being in Scrabbletown a most unusual occurrence, had brought almost the whole population to the doors and windows; and, consequently, amongst the spectators of Michael's equipage, were several fair damsels who had formerly been candidates for the distinguished honour now enjoyed by Katy Collops. The nods and smiles of the joyous bride only increased their vexation, and there were some amongst them who could scarcely conceal their spleen. One, in particular, looked extremely black and threatening. She was standing at the door of her mother's cabin, accoutred in a most fantastic dress, which, with her diminutive and deformed figure, gave her a hideous and extraordinary appearance. But her humpback, red hair, and black skin, had apparently had but little effect in benumbing the arrows of Cupid, for she, amongst others, had laid siege to Michael's red whiskers, and being a most passionate little creature, when she beheld the triumph of her successful rival, her rage was altogether boundless. She tore her hair, stamped her foot, and even shook her fist in a menacing manner, at the happy occupants of the one-horse-wagon. At any other time, Katy

Collops would, in all probability, have felt much inclined to settle the affair according to the rules of pugilism; but, on this occasion, she was laudably willing to make all due allowances for the distress and disappointment she must necessarily have created amongst the less fortunate aspirants. Besides this, there was something in the appearance of little Peg Carey, as she was called, which rendered even Katy Collops shy of coming more closely in contact with her than was absolutely requisite; for though she cared not the crack of an eggshell for any thing of common flesh and blood, she had a suitable respect for those beings who are supposed to be of a different character. Now, little Peg Carey was more than half suspected to be one of the latter description; and what gave great force to the suspicion, was, that her mother, old Nanny Carey, had long been noted for her skill in the mysterious and forbidden science of witchcraft. She was old, decrepid, and had a mole on the left side of her chin, which gave birth to a tuft of long black hairs, shrewdly supposed to have been planted there as a mark by Beelzebub himself. Besides these, she was often seen upon moonlight evenings, sailing about the bay with one foot on a shingle, an old shoe, or such other singular and unchristian-like vessels.

"Why, she must have been a horrid witch!" said Mrs. Peacock.

"That's true enough," answered Tom, "for as to this thing of going to sea on a shingle, or setting sail through the clouds on board of a broomstick, why, every one knows who has been over the salt water as often as I have, that it cannot be done without the help of the devil; and of course it must come by witchery."

Doctor Post opened his mouth to make some observations upon the subject, but the rest of the company had by this time become so impatient to hear what happened to Michael and Katy, that they unanimously called upon Mr. Ratlin to go on; and, accordingly, having cleared his pipes, and silence being again restored, he continued with what will be found in the next chapter.

Chapter XII.

The story of Michael and Katy continued.

Meanwhile, the vehicle, freighted with Michael and his intended spouse, pursued its way over hill and dale. Every thing seemed to smile upon the lovers; the sun shone brightly, the birds war-

bled their gayest notes, and even the wheels of the one-horse-wagon, creaked and rattled with unwonted harmony. Soon arriving at the mansion of the squire, the marriage knot was tied with all due ceremony, and the parties once more embarking, set out on their return to Scrabbletown. The new married couple were, of course, completely wrapped up in each other, and, consequently, the guidance of their chaise was left pretty much to the discretion of Dobbin himself. The latter jogged along with admirable deliberation, whilst the two turtles cooed and billed, taking no note of time, which, to use a poetical metaphor, flew along on silver wings; until their caresses were cut short by a sudden and curious gyration, which occasioned a separation between the one-horse-wagon and its contents.

Michael, finding himself so unexpectedly precipitated from his seat, at first, thought the day of judgment had arrived; but, after a considerable descent, perceiving himself safely lodged in a bed of sand, and his spouse shaking herself, and swearing she was as sound as a pippin, he became comforted, and looked around to discover the cause of the accident. At the first glance he was astonished to see that the sun was just setting, and that they were in a place entirely unknown to him. At a little distance, Dobbin, with a part of the overturned

vehicle hanging to his heels, was quietly nipping the herbage which grew upon a steep bank; and the serpentine wheelruts marking its side, sufficiently showed the attention paid by that sagacious quadruped, to the charge with which he had been intrusted.

At this sight, Michael commenced twirling his red whiskers, and scratching his shock pate in the utmost embarrassment. The place was utterly strange, and road or path there was none, except the forementioned marks of their own wheels upon the side of the hill: so that there seemed a strong probability of the new married couple being compelled to seek a nuptial couch amongst the 'bonny heather.' In this emergency, Katy, perceiving the indecision of her lord and master, ventured to assume the command herself; and despatching Michael in pursuit of the animal, whose inveterate propensities for grazing had occasioned all this mischief, commenced overhauling the discomfited vehicle. Dobbin was easily caught and led back, and the greatest damage sustained by the one-horse-wagon, was found to be the fracture of one of the shafts. Wax-ends and strings of all kinds, were immediately put in requisition, and even Katy's garters, which were, fortunately, composed of pretty staunch materials, here performed the most signal service.

This important matter arranged, the parties were still in the greatest perplexity. "Ah!" thought Michael, "if we could but meet some one to direct us on our road"—the wish was scarcely formed, when, turning round, he beheld a man advancing towards them, who had the appearance of a pedler. His stature was small, and, upon his nearer approach, the bridegroom discovered he was no pedler, and that the hump upon his back had been located there by nature. The outlines of his dark and swarthy countenance, bore a singular resemblance to those of our quondam acquaintance, little Peg Carey, so much, indeed, that Michael was, at first, almost induced to believe, that the figure in question was no other than that lovelorn damsel, masquerading in male attire. A closer view, however, convinced him he was mistaken, for the person before him was of a much stouter make, and his hair was coal black; whereas, that of the maiden had the genuine hue of the carrot. The stranger accosted them courteously, and in answer to Michael's earnest inquiries, protesting he was not only well acquainted with the road he wished to pursue, but was actually travelling in the same direction himself, the bridegroom could do no less, in politeness, than invite him to a seat in the one-horse-wagon. Accordingly, the whole party was soon arranged, and Dobbin again urged forward in

a direction pointed out by the guide. The sun had by this time fairly sunk to rest, and darkness was fast closing around them. The hunchback, however, soon showed that he had very little of the sulky in his disposition, but laughed, and sang, and cracked jokes upon the new married couple, until both Michael and Katy were inclined to pronounce him the very prince of travelling companions. The stranger, on the other hand, seemed also to have found his new acquaintances exactly to his taste, for, not content with applauding Michael's "White Cockade," and Katy's "Barbaree Allen," to the skies, he discovered, after rummaging in the bottom of his coat pocket, a bottle of excellent rye-whiskey, which the whole party agreed would prove a sovereign preservative against the bad effects of the night air.

But neither whiskey nor good company can hold out for ever against drowsiness and fatigue. After several hours' jolting and splashing amongst the mud and briers, without finding themselves one jot nearer to Scrabbletown, or even to any beaten road, than before, both Michael and Katy began to find their hilarity greatly on the wane. The hunchback made some attempts to revive the flagging conversation, but finding them ineffectual, amused himself by chanting doggerel rhymes, with a harsh and disagreeable voice. This, also, soon ceased,

and the total silence was now only interrupted by Dobbin, who was manfully floundering through an extensive bog, to the evident confusion and dismay of its croaking inhabitants.

Michael, thus left to his own quiet contemplations, soon began to feel curious thoughts arising in his mind. The resemblance between his unknown companion and the witch's daughter, recurred and haunted him continually. "There is some difference to be sure," thought he, "but what of that, if she is a witch or a wizard, her master, the devil, might have furnished her with the hump and black hair, in less time than it would take a mortal man like me to twirl his whiskers."

Another hour had passed away; and, notwithstanding Dobbin had puffed, snorted and splashed along without intermission, he seemed to have effected very little change in their situation. Bog after bog succeeded each other in interminable succession, and Michael was by this time morally convinced, that his now silent companion was either Peg Carey, or her brother, or the devil himself; and to whichever of these characters he might be really entitled, the bridegroom most cordially wished him at the very bottom of the last named personage's most proper dominions. These premises established, Michael internally resolved, that a separation from the hunchback was indispensable;

and he began earnestly to bethink himself of the means of putting this reasonable resolution into effect. He accordingly directed a wistful, but cautious glance towards the object of his suspicions, who was now leaning over the side of the vehicle, apparently immersed in a most profound reverie. The moment was most tempting. The body of the hunchback was nearly in a state of equilibrium, and Michael knew enough of mechanics to be aware that the elevation of one end of a balance beam causes a corresponding and unavoidable descent of the other; and, without waiting to consider whether a couch in the mud would prove propitious to his meditations or otherwise, he made a sudden and violent application to the legs of the unsuspecting soliloquist. But, alas! if they had been loaded with the whole weight of the Alleghanies, he could not have produced a whit the less effect. His utmost strength was incapable of producing the slightest impression, and he recoiled from the unsuccessful attempt in dismay. The hunchback slowly raised himself to a perpendicular position, and casting upon his companions a look full of the most ineffable scorn and contempt, burst forth into a peal of such wild and discordant laughter, that his title to human lungs, must have been rejected by any court in Christendom. Michael and Katy looked upon each other in silence, with a most

woful expression of astonishment and terror. The bursts of laughter rang every moment louder and louder in their ears, and the principal performer seemed now to be aided by some scores of invisible auxiliaries. The air was filled with these obstreperous votaries of Comus; and, as if the employment of their ears was not sufficient, whole tribes of spectres, of all sorts and sizes, with three feet noses, blubber lips, mouths all awry, some running on their heads, some with no heads at all, and some with heads as thin and flat as a pancake, suddenly became visible around them. To maintain their courage amongst all this infernal paraphernalia, was an act of heroism far above the sphere of Michael and Katy; and it is little wonderful, that in a short time the one-horse-wagon, Dobbin and all, began to spin round and round with such extraordinary velocity, that all sense and perception in its occupants were soon lost in the vortex.

Here the narrator again paused, but so great was the impatience of the company to hear what further accidents befell the occupants of the one-horse-wagon, that not a word was spoken, until he had refreshed himself with a glass of his favourite beverage, and was ready to begin, as he said, "upon the other tack." For the convenience of the reader, however, we shall transfer the remainder of the story to another chapter.

Chapter XIV.

In which the story of Michael and Katy is brought to a conclusion.

During this time, Master Joel Blossom, keeper of the Scrabbletown hotel, had taken his parlour door off its wooden hinges, and, laying it across a couple of trusses invented for the purpose, made therewith, as he himself asserted, a table that might have served a king. The friendly neighbours offered the service of what chairs and stools they were possessed of, which, when collected, were found sufficient for two sides of the aforesaid table. The remaining spaces were occupied by extempore benches, arranged in a manner similar to that of the latter notable piece of furniture, which was then crowned with three longnecked, bigbellied black bottles, filled to the brim with the real apple-whiskey; and as many huge dishes, loaded with sweet cake and gingerbread. All these preparations were made, as the reader has doubtless suspected, for the delectation of the bride and groom; as well as for those friends whom Michael had generously resolved to entertain with a magnificence befitting the occasion. The guests came, but the new married couple did not make their appearance. The day, the evening, and finally the night passed away,

but still they came not. Every one was now firmly convinced, that some untoward accident had happened, and, early in the morning, the whole party, headed by Joel himself, set out in search of the fugitives. Their pursuit, however, did not by any means prove so tedious as might have been expected.

At the distance of a short mile from Scrabbletown, Joel, who claimed the right of ownership to our old acquaintance, Dobbin, discovered his track upon an old sandfield, which track he swore he could distinguish from that 'of any other cretur that ever went barefoot.' Here that sagacious quadruped had evidently quartered himself during the greatest part of the preceding day, since his track, and those of the wheels of the one-horse-wagon, was to be found in every corner of the field. A few hundred yards from this place, the wondering villagers came to the sandbank which had occasioned the first accident, and still further on, their astonishment was yet more increased at finding an extensive swampy morass, marked with tracks and wheelruts in every possible direction. The greatest part of the night must have been spent in passing to and fro about this bog, since, in Joel's lamentations for the hard fate of poor Dobbin, he said, 'there wasn't a space the bigness of a barn-shovel, which the poor baste hadn't put his foot

into.' That animal, though in most woful pickle, was still standing with his wagon in the very middle of the swamp, but neither Michael nor Katy were visible in any direction. It was unanimously voted by the company, that there had been some most foul witchcraft at the bottom of this business, and the discovery of two small eggs in the bed of the one-horse-wagon, seemed to furnish them with incontestible proofs of it.

Joel carefully preserved these eggs, and, with the view of making diamond cut diamond, he carried them to another old woman, who had the reputation of being a greater witch, if possible, than Mother Carey herself. This beldame directed him to place them under a sitting hen, and to give her notice when they were hatched. This was accordingly done, and in due process of time, appeared two little birds, of a different species from any that had ever before been observed. They were about the size of the swallow, with a white ring around their bodies, and a broad fan-shaped tail.

The friendly witch, being sent for, declared that these birds were no other than Michael and Katy. She immediately plucked two feathers from each of their tails, and sewing them together in the shape of a cross, placed them in two basins of water. After allowing them to soak for a reasonable time, they were taken out, and the water poured into one

vessel. The witch then stirred the mixture for some time with the tail of a huge lizard, at the same time mumbling over some obscure kind of spell, which seemed to run thus:

Water mix and water mingle,
Boil and bubble,
Peace and trouble,
Spirit double,
Spirit single,
Water mix and water mingle.

The efficacy of this powerful charm was soon verified; for, as she chanted the last words, the water in the basin began to effervesce with great violence. At this moment she took some of it in the palm of her hand, and sprinkled it upon the two birds, which Joel held in readiness by a string attached to each of their legs. The effect was instantaneous. Their bodies began to enlarge, and their legs to lengthen; and all the spectators shouted for joy, as they beheld the bill of one of them gradually flatten out, and exhibit on each side, the well known red whiskers in all their pristine beauty and luxuriance. As the transformation went on, the tuft of feathers upon the back of his head was slowly converted into a reputable wool hat, bearing by way of band, a coil of tow thread with a tobacco pipe entwined upon one side and a sprig of cedar on the other; whilst his wings stretched out until

their tips fell upon one of the forementioned big-bellied bottles, and when the feathers had melted away, both his hands were found firmly clenched around its neck. Long and ardent was the embrace which the happy Michael bestowed upon this much loved old acquaintance; he pressed it to his lips; he held it at arm's length, and shut one eye whilst he examined it with the other; then pressed it to his mouth again. Finally, he placed it upon the table for a space, and turning towards Katy, who was now also relieved from her feathers, he seized upon both her hands, and, striking up the "White Cockade," led off with a jig that might have done honour to a more distinguished ballroom. An old cottager, who sat in one corner, caught the spirit, and seized upon a dried calabash, ingeniously rigged, with three strings, in the manner of a fiddle, whilst all the boys in the village tuned up their cornstalks and pumpkinsprouts, the girls ran for their shoes and stockings; and, in fine, there never was such a day of rejoicing since the foundation of Scrabbletown.

It only remains to mention, that the friendly witch, not content with effecting this happy transformation, exerted all her art to bestow the same feathers from which she had liberated Michael and Katy, upon Peg Carey and her hunchback brother. She succeeded, and even metamorphosed them so

firmly, that Mother Carey, with all her art, was unable to restore them. She fed them, however, with her own hand, and they were universally known by the name of "Mother Carey's chickens." They always accompanied her in her excursions upon the water, of which, as we have before mentioned, the old hag was extremely fond. After her death, they betook themselves entirely to the sea, and were never after seen upon land. From these two birds, sprang a numerous progeny, which still preserve their original appellation of "Mother Carey's chickens." They love to take the wing in storms and tempests, and are now to be seen at such times, skimming over the surface of the waves in every part of the ocean.

Having concluded his tale in this manner, the narrator expected and received the unbounded applause of his auditors. Every one rejoiced mightily at the happy liberation of the lovers, and were scarcely less pleased with the appropriate punishment which was inflicted upon little Peg Carey and the hunchback.

Such, however, is the waywardness of human nature, that I have little doubt but there will be some, who merely through a cavilling, fault-finding, suspicious disposition, will not fail to condemn it,

as improbable, and verging too much upon the marvellous, without reflecting that infidelity in matters of this kind, is productive of manifold inconveniences, both to themselves, and to those who cater for their amusement.

In confirmation of the schoolmaster's veracity, I must observe that I have since made some inquiries at Scrabbletown, and found that every one of the inhabitants, male and female, were ready to vouch for the truth of the narrative. In fact, the story had been handed down with so much regularity from father to son, and from mother to daughter, that no reasonable doubt could be entertained of its correctness. I had also the pleasure of seeing Michael's bog, which still exists in the neighbourhood, and is famous for the abundance of fine fat snapping turtles which inhabit it.

Many of the town's people assured me, moreover, that Michael lived long and happily with his bride, becoming, in process of time, post-master, and justice of the peace, and, before his death, was even talked of for the legislature. He used to sit in his stall, with a compendium of the laws upon one side of him, a foot measure upon the other, and the letter-box between his legs; which is all that is told of him, except that his red whiskers, though somewhat diminished in size, looked almost as fresh at

the day of his death, as at the time when they created so much confusion amongst the fair damsels of Scrabbletown.

And here, gentle reader, concludes the second book of our chronicles.

END OF BOOK II.

BOOK III.

CONTAINING THE ADVENTURES OF A TATTERDEMALION.

Chapter I.

The sagacious Jeremy Peters states, that, when he had finished his second book, he remained with his head reclined upon his hand, chewing his pens, and biting his finger-nails to the quick, for nearly an hour, before he could determine in his own mind, what events should next be recorded in the course of this incomparable history. The materials before him were so ample and so various, that he was in almost as great a quandary as doctor Post had been with his five actions; but, at length, after lighting his cigar, and puffing vigorously for some moments, he began to find a delightful, placid kind of feeling stealing over his senses. The dingy white walls before him, gave place to a range of verdant fields and meadows, where the mowers and reapers were singing their "harvest home," and the ruddy milk-maids, with their russet frocks and bright scoured pails, tripped lightly about the

fragrant lawn, whilst a stream, bordered on either side with the sweetbrier and wild honeysuckle, sung its gentle murmurs in his ears——

Which was the happiest fancy that could possibly have entered his imagination, for it afforded him a clue at once, by which he could relieve himself from his embarrassment. "If, in following the course of that streamlet," said he to himself, "we attempt to trace all its branches to their sources, there are a hundred chances to one, we shall be led into some thicket or quagmire, where we may stick fast in the mud, or lacerate our hands with the brambles; if we diverge from our path at all, it will be but an act of prudence to reflect in time, and turn back with a hop, skip and jump."

"Hop, skip and jump!" cried he, slapping the stump of his pen into the inkstand, "that very idea is worth an ace of trumps."

Chapter II.

So, gentle reader, Mrs. Peweetle, having, at length, got rid of her widowship, removed with her spouse, to a neat little two storied frame dwelling, at one end of Turkeytown, where they ma-

naged to get along as well as most married people, notwithstanding the prognostications which some maliciously disposed persons who had nothing better to do, amused themselves by founding upon the unusual brevity of their courtship. There was a willow tree upon one side of the door, under which the good lady was often seen with her knitting, in fine weather; and a sand bank upon the other, admirably adapted to the convenience of the little Peacocks, who there built their ovens, turned their somersets, and played all manner of frolicksome gambols, to the great amusement of the passengers.

As to doctor Post, he lost no time in re-establishing himself in his old quarters. Arriving about dinner-time, he swallowed a dish of soup with so much precipitation that he had nearly parboiled his œsophagus, and then hastening to his own room, drew forth his saddle-bags with as much glee and exultation as a child who has just received a penny whistle. He examined every article with the utmost minuteness, to ascertain what damage they had sustained during his absence; and when he came to his favourite syringe, he continued for a long time adjusting the tow, and trying its operations in the wash-basin, before he could prevail upon himself to part with it.

In this manner things reverted into their usual

channel. Doctor Lavender continued his rounds, followed at the proper distance by his assistant; my father was busily employed in perfecting a new plough of his own invention; and every thing and every body seemed to get along in perfect harmony, except your humble servant, who continued to receive a flogging about three times a week, in consequence of an accident with which he had as little to do as the emperor of Morocco. The fact was, the means taken by Mrs. Pots and my nurse, had not had the effect of divesting the arch enemy of the power he had acquired over me, by the original sin committed by my mother in burning the louse; or, at least, not entirely so, as was evinced by the extraordinary proneness to mischief which, as I grew older, appeared every day more and more apparent in my disposition. At first my exploits were chiefly confined to throwing all the various articles I could lay hold of into the fire, and it was computed, that, previous to my first birthday, I had destroyed in this manner, seven worked lace caps, three aprons, eleven pairs of shoes and stockings, and an innumerable quantity of miscellaneous nick-nacks and play-things. As I grew able to run about, I aspired to higher achievements, such as pulling my uncle's long queue whenever I could get an opportunity, drawing the cups and saucers off the tea-table when I was not watched,

and one day I capped the climax, by lifting up one of our neighbours' children by the heels, and soucing him neck and ears into a tub of rain water, as he was leaning over the edge to play with a paper boat. For each of these pranks I commonly received a severe castigation, and this was, in truth, the chief result that grew out of the whole of the proceedings formerly narrated; for the services of my nurse having in due time been dispensed with, there was no one else who thought of applying to any remedy but the birch. Mrs. Pots had left the family also, because my mother most unreasonably insisted upon having the potatoes boiled before they were peeled; whilst the former declared they ought always to be peeled first, and would sooner have suffered martyrdom, than have boiled them in any other manner. Happily, the next cook agreed with my mother in opinion, and things went on smoothly again. But it seems that families, like empires, are fated never to remain long in a state of quiescence; and, accordingly, my father had no sooner completed his plough, which cost him and the blacksmith several weeks of incessant labour, than every thing was once more thrown into confusion.

It happened, that on the day he had fixed upon to make trial of it, he was obliged to go upon some urgent business to a neighbouring village, and,

after seeing the horses attached to it, he departed, leaving directions with the ploughman, to turn up ground for a turnip patch. Hastening back with considerable anxiety to see the result, he was surprised to find his plough safely laid up on the dung heap, and the ploughman whistling with great composure on the fence beside it.

"What, Jacob!" cried he, "what! what is the matter? you have not done already?"

"No, sir," said Jacob, "the plough wont go."

"Wont go!" cried my father, in a rage, "that is a likely story. Is it not a coulter made to cut better than any other coulter that ever was invented, and a mouldboard and share both improved? don't tell me, sirrah! the plough wont go."

"Well, sir, perhaps you can make it go; I can't," said Jacob, sullenly.

"Then you may go yourself, and be damned to you," said my father. So Jacob packed up his goods and chattels, and away he went.

In the course of a fortnight, seven other ploughmen came and went in the same manner, only that they generally saved my father the trouble of turning them away, by going of their own accord. Here was a pretty mess—my father was almost at his wits' end; his turnip patch went unploughed, because nobody would work with the best plough in the country. At length, as he was sitting one

morning in his library, Jenny Jobson ushered a poor ragged-looking rascal into his presence, who, from his appearance, seemed little adapted for any thing but a scarecrow; and he having asked for employment, my father desired to know if he thought he could manage a newly invented plough.

"I think I could manage any thing, sir, if you would but employ me," said the tatterdemalion.

"Do you?" cried my father, "I will hire you directly—Jenny, tell Job to drive Jubal and Jonas up from the meadow instantly. Where did you come from, my friend?" he continued, "you seem to have more docility than most men of your class."

"I have been taught it by misfortune, sir," he replied, "I came last from the jail."

"From the jail!" said my father, "that seems but a small recommendation, though, in looking for service."

"Why, so I have found it, sir," answered he of the rags, in a melancholy tone, "but, somehow or other, it runs so strongly in my head, that I am unable to keep it away from my tongue. It is a fault I have had, sir, from a boy, or rather it is a kind of weakness in my disposition, which always leads me to tell the truth, just at the time when it is calculated to do me the most mischief."

There was something in this, and indeed in the man's whole manner and appearance, that struck

my father as very unusual; and after some further questions, he felt so much interested, that he desired him to sit down and relate the principal occurrences of his life.

"My story is none of the shortest," said the tatterdemalion, "but if you will have the goodness to order me some food, for, in truth, I am almost famished, I will endeavour to gratify your wish in the best manner I am able."

"Why did you not mention this before," said my father, hastily giving orders for food and wine to be set before him. The poor fellow applied himself so long and so vigorously to the different articles, that my father, who, whatever might have been his faults and follies, did not want humanity, took more pleasure in beholding him, than he would have done with a dozen stories. At length, having satisfied his appetite, he turned round, and began his narrative in very good language, as follows.

THE TATTERDEMALION'S STORY.

My name, said he, is Dennis; I was born near the city of Burlington, and having had the misfortune to lose my father whilst I was yet an infant, I was left dependent for protection upon my mother alone. She resided in a cottage in the outskirts of the town, to which was attached a small spot of ground

which afforded a few vegetables; and by taking in washing for some of the neighbouring families, she contrived to pick up an honest, though scanty livelihood. Notwithstanding her poverty, she was a tender parent, and did every thing in her power to continue me at school, and enable me to make a decent appearance; depriving herself for that purpose, as I have reason to believe, of the comforts and even many of the necessaries of life.

In this manner we continued to get along, until I was about nine years old, when the health of my mother, who was not of a robust constitution, began to fail, and soon became so much impaired, that she was no longer able to work. To crown our misfortunes, my elder sister, who was at service, and had from time to time assisted us with part of her earnings, fell sick of a fever and died. This event gave my mother a shock from which she never recovered, and as we had now no resource, we were soon reduced to the utmost distress. Our goods were seized and sold by a set of rapacious creditors, who ransacked the house so closely, that they left not a single article except the bed upon which my mother was lying, and I believe they would even have taken that, had not the law prevented them. I shall never forget the sense of desolation with which I was filled after these harpies had left us; happily the weather was warm, but the

house was not only destitute of furniture, but even of food. A single loaf of bread was all that remained, and when that was devoured, my mother called me to her bedside, and said, "my child! we have now no one to depend upon, but him who feeds the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field; surely he will not suffer us to starve in the midst of plenty. Go out, my son, and see if you can find any one charitable enough to render us assistance."

As my mother pronounced these words, her face became very pale, and I thought I could hear the word "beggar," though it was uttered so low as to be almost inaudible. For my part, my affliction had in it so much of childish selfishness, that I was glad to escape from the house, and, hastening into the town, made my first essay in begging at a store, where I saw a number of people engaged in purchasing different articles of merchandise. After waiting some time for an opportunity, I addressed a person behind the counter, begging him for the love of God to assist a poor woman in distress; but without so much as receiving an answer, I was immediately thrust into the street. This repulse discouraged me so much, that I was afraid to venture into another house, and continued standing on the pavement, endeavouring to solicit the attention of such passengers as came along; but they all either passed without notice, or only stopped to make some

observations upon the importunity of beggars, and the folly of giving them encouragement. To have heard them, one must have supposed that their purses were not closed against the claims of misery by selfishness, but rather by charity herself, since their own dispositions would have led them to afford relief, had they not been so commendably fearful of augmenting the sufferings of a large class of their fellow mortals, by bestowing a bounty upon idleness. I have since found that it is perfectly easy to find excuses, and even praises, for the non-performance of almost any action, to which our inclinations are opposed.

At length, however, I bethought me of an old man, who was very rich, and for whom my mother had sometimes done little jobs of work. He was in the habit of sitting on the porch before his door for the greatest part of the day, and usually spoke a few words to almost every one who passed. When I went up to him, he accordingly addressed me first. "Well, John," said he, "why are you not at school, to-day?"

"My mother, sir," said I.

"Well, how is your mother, John?" said he, interrupting me.

"She is very sick, sir," I said.

"Hum," said the old man, "and who made thy

shoes, John?" and, without waiting for an answer, turned upon his heel and went into the house.

This cold blooded cruelty, as I then thought it, though I now believe the difference was only in the individual peculiarity of the man, wounded my feelings much more keenly than any of the ruder rejections I had experienced; and, now, utterly despairing of procuring any assistance, I turned around and began to cry most bitterly. This attracted the attention of several people, but no one spoke to me, until, at length, a quaker lady, who chanced to be passing, came up and inquired the cause. I informed her, with a broken voice, of the distress of my mother, and she at once accompanied me to the house.

She was shocked at the state in which she found it, and immediately set about affording us relief in the most effectual manner. She caused a sufficiency of food to be sent to us, and coming every day to the house herself, brought with her a variety of little things, which my mother's bad state of health rendered peculiarly acceptable. I thought to myself, that my mother had well said, that he who fed the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, would not desert us, when he had sent this charitable lady to our assistance. Although I was so young at the time, her image is now, and ever will be, indelibly fixed upon my mind. But, notwith-

standing all this kindness, my mother's disease continued to gain ground, and finally she died. Here the poor tatterdemalion paused, and brushed a tear from his eyelid with his ragged sleeve. "Excuse me, sir," said he, "I loved my mother." "Hang the fellow," said my father to himself, "I will hire him, whether he can work the new plough or not."

Well, sir, he continued, my poor mother died, and from that moment I may date the commencement of all my troubles. I have dwelt upon these scenes, because, although I have since met with many distressing ones, I have never seen any that affected me so deeply.

Chapter III.

The Tatterdemalion's story continued.

After the death of my mother, continued the narrator, having but few relatives, and none of them choosing to interest themselves in my behalf, I fell under the charge of the overseers of the poor, who sent me to the Almshouse. Here I first began to be sensible of the miserable condition of an orphan in poverty. I was clothed in a frock and trowsers

made of coarse tow-cloth, and put to herd amongst a flock of other children, the most of whom were either idiots, or afflicted with some hideous or loathsome disease. Amongst the multitude of paupers constantly exposed to my sight, there were many, both men and women, who exhibited every species of frightful deformity; and these, with the howlings of the insane wretches who were confined in the cells, and many other horrible and disgusting objects to which I was hourly exposed, made such an impression upon my imagination, that I could neither sleep at night, nor feel the least disposition to cheerfulness during the day.

At length, I was bound by the overseers to a farmer; and was at first so much delighted at having escaped from my prison, that I felt completely happy; but I soon found that I had no great reason for rejoicing. My master, though wealthy, was of such a miserly disposition, that he sent all the produce of his farm, which was at all saleable, to market; forcing his family and servants to live upon those offals, which no one else thought worth the having. These were not only deficient in quality, but in quantity, and as I was incomparably the least of the family in consideration or importance, I generally came in for little more than the dust of the cheeseparings. Being likewise obliged to work constantly in the fields from morning till night, my

appetite was so voracious that I could almost have devoured the very corn-husks; and really I believe I should have famished, had I not fallen upon a plan for providing myself with more agreeable provisions. This I effected by robbing the hen's nests, and though the theft was soon discovered, no one suspected me, but all laid the whole blame upon the innocent cats. I chuckled greatly at this lucky mistake, and concluded that I had nothing further to do, but to go on and feast upon the eggs at my own pleasure. But, alas! the cats which had served my purpose so admirably, were soon killed off; and the farmer's wife finding that this made little difference, began to employ every means in her power to discover what it was that made so much havoc with one of the chief sources of her profits. It is useless to state what these were; suffice it to say that I was caught in the fact, and flogged so unmercifully, that I thought I had not an atom of skin left upon my body. As soon as I could escape from my master's grasp, I fled to the barn, and coiling myself in the bottom of a barrel that was not used, remained there for nearly three days, without daring to venture out of my place of concealment. None of the family could imagine what had become of me, until at length I was accidentally discovered by some one, and being drawn forth, should have received another flogging,

had not my master been alarmed, by the weakness to which I had been reduced by remaining so long without food. He accordingly contented himself with making me swallow a cup of milk with a crust of bread, and then sent me back to the Almshouse.

Here my situation was now much worse than it had been before; for my master had represented my character in so bad a light, that it not only procured me harsh treatment from the manager, but prevented others who applied for apprentices from taking me out. In this manner I was compelled to perform the most menial offices for the paupers, and had the inexpressible mortification of seeing other children daily chosen, whilst I, though frequently noticed and commended for my appearance, was universally rejected. At last, however, when I had given over all hope, and was endeavouring to reconcile myself to the idea of becoming a pauper for life; there came one day a gentleman on horseback, who, having the boys paraded before him, after a hasty glance over the group, ordered his servant to take me home; and then rode off without staying to ask a single question, being anxious, as I afterwards learned, to lose no time in attending a horse-race at some distance.

I was now introduced into a family, as different from that of my former master, as it was possible

to conceive. My present patron was a bachelor, who lived upon a fine farm, but spent all his time in fox-chasing, racing, and other amusements of the same nature. I lived here three years, and liked the place so well, that I thought I never could congratulate myself enough upon the lucky chance which had procured it for me. I was totally under the direction of an old mulatto woman who acted as housekeeper, and of a hired man who attended to the business of the farm. These, though they sometimes chose to show their authority by a few kicks and cuffs, did not, upon the whole, use me badly; and, as to the living, we fared sumptuously, for the housekeeper and foreman, who were very good friends, took care to have enough cooked, not only for our own family, but for those of all their friends and relations; and these were so numerous, that I used sometimes to think that half the county was fed from our table. As to my master, I seldom saw him; for he was very rarely at home, and, indeed, he would sometimes ride out in the morning, and be gone for two or three weeks, without informing a soul of his intentions. In the meantime his riches could not have been furnished with a better pair of wings, than the two worthies who had the direction of his affairs. They acted with concert in all things, and only seemed to vie with each other in the adroitness with which they

contrived means and opportunities for appropriating his effects to their own uses. As many of their practices were carried on openly, I could not avoid seeing them; and having really some regard for my master, I at last came to a resolution to inform him of the manner in which these people were making way with his effects. I had no doubt but he would have taken measures at once to put an end to their fine schemes, but I was mistaken; I could perceive no alteration in their conduct towards my master, but a very great one towards me. They had, by some means or other, obtained information of the manner in which I had acted, and from that moment I was exposed to such tyrannical usage, that my situation was soon rendered intolerable. I bore up against this for some time, but, at last, great as was the dread I had of the Almshouse, I began to think of making an escape, and should certainly have attempted it, had not their united efforts brought my master's affairs to a crisis sooner than I had expected. To cut the matter short, he became a bankrupt, whilst the mulatto retired to live as a gentlewoman, and the foreman set up farming on his own account. I had the good fortune to find a new place, without going back to the Almshouse.

This was with a widow who resided at no great distance, and to whom I had become known by being frequently sent to her house upon various

errands. Here, again, I found a great change. The old lady was a methodist, and a great devotee. Being, besides, the only one of the society of any wealth, who resided in the neighbourhood, her house was constantly thronged by professors, who came on foot and on horseback from all quarters, to enjoy the good cheer of their more favoured sister. One of the principal inconveniences I found in her service, was, the being obliged to attend all the innumerable meetings for prayer and worship, which these religious gentlemen thought proper to hold; for my mistress would have been greatly shocked if any of her domestics had been deprived of the opportunity of profiting by these edifying occasions. During the two years I resided here, however, I became much more attached to her than to either of my former masters, as indeed I had good reason to be; for she not only treated me with kindness, but bestowed considerable attention upon my education, which had before been almost totally neglected. Having some taste for study, I improved rapidly, at which the good old lady was highly pleased, and, for my part, I felt so much gratitude, that I believe I should have been contented to have served her to the day of my death: but the fates had ordained it otherwise.

Though I had no doubt, but that amongst the number of religious persons who were constantly

at her house, there were some of sincere piety, I could not help suspecting that many of them were no better than rank hypocrites; and the following circumstance confirmed me in this opinion. One of those gentlemen who travelled upon foot, came one day to my mistress, and, assuring her that the wolves were making dreadful havoc amongst the sheep, at a certain place, some fifteen or twenty miles distant, desired the loan of a horse, that he might with the greater expedition ride down and protect the flock. The good old lady rejoiced at having it thus in her power to forward the good work, instantly gave orders to saddle and bridle the best horse in the stable; and away trotted her champion against the wolves; but whether he conquered them or they him, was never ascertained, since neither he nor the horse thought proper to come back with the tidings. I could not bear to see my kind mistress imposed upon in this manner, and after the event just narrated I even ventured to express my sentiments pretty freely; the result of which was, that I was called up, and after a severe reprimand, dismissed, to seek my fortunes elsewhere.

During my residence here, I had contrived to hoard up a small stock of money, and now being tired of farming, and desirous to see more of the world, I resolved to go to the city of P———;

and, accordingly, having tied up my small stock of clothing in a bundle, I trudged off with a light heart and cheerful spirits, for, though I was sensible that there was not a being in the world who cared a two-pence about me, my mind was naturally buoyant, and I reflected that a stout active lad like myself, could hardly fail to make his way through the world without much difficulty. I thought, besides, that the experience I had already gained, had given me a complete insight into human nature, and that I should be able to detect roguery, however artfully concealed.

Entertaining these views, I arrived at the city without any accident, and found myself at once confused by the multitude of new and strange objects that every where presented themselves to my notice. Whilst I was gazing about, a decent looking man came up, and began to enter into conversation with me. Observing that I was a stranger, he pointed out a variety of interesting matters, and took occasion to mention that it was the practice of the inhabitants of this hospitable city, to treat their visiters with every possible attention; and begged that if he could in any manner forward my prospects, I would communicate them to him without hesitation. Charmed with this frankness, and with the character of the people I had got amongst, I did so at once, and he, in return, assured me that

he could help me to a suitable place, and, in the mean time, invited me to make my home at his house. Accordingly, after some further conversation, I went with him to a dwelling of respectable appearance, where I passed the night. In the morning, my kind entertainer proposed, as a further extension of his hospitality, to show me the principal curiosities of the place; but first asked me if I was in the habit of carrying my money about my person. Upon informing him that I was, he assured me that it was exceedingly imprudent, and that it was a thing never practised among the citizens, for the streets were filled with thieves so daring and dexterous in their profession, that they would infallibly clear my pockets of every copper, before I had proceeded a dozen squares. Alarmed at this declaration, I took out my few dollars which I had tied up in a linen rag, and begged him, as a great favour, to preserve them for me; which he very graciously promised to do.

We then went out, and, after walking about an hour through different streets and alleys, my conductor stopped at a corner, and desired me to remain there for a moment, whilst he stepped up a neighbouring alley upon some very particular business. I saw him depart without the least suspicion, and waited patiently for his return a long time. At length, however, I became somewhat

uneasy, and began to question several persons as they passed, if they had seen any thing of Mr. Jones, (which was the name I had heard him called by at the house.) Most of them only stared and laughed at me; but, after some time, there came along a man of very gentlemanly appearance, who stopped and asked, what Mr. Jones I wanted, where he lived, and what was his business, all of which I knew no more of than the man in the moon. I could not even tell the name of the street where the house he had taken me to was situated. Seeing me so much confused, he began to suspect that I had been imposed upon, and, when I had, according to his request, related the circumstances, he told me at once, that I need give myself no further trouble in seeking for Mr. Jones or my money, for that both were, by this time, safe enough. He laughed a good deal at my simplicity, but when he had amused himself in this manner, he spoke kindly, and desired me to follow him to his house, which was at no great distance.

He led me into a very handsome building, when being seated, he told me to inform him of my name, and what objects had induced me to come hither. I related briefly the outlines of my story, and when I had done, he told me he was in want of a boy to take care of his horse, and to perform some other little offices for which my country education ren-

dered me very suitable. He, therefore, hired me at once, and, at the same time, took occasion to warn me, to beware of all persons who were so excessively hospitable. For my part, I was so well pleased with my new situation, that I easily forgave the rascal my money, though I never could pardon myself for being such an egregious simpleton.

I lived with this gentleman, who was a respectable merchant, nearly four years, during which time I became pretty well acquainted with the manners of the town, and learned, in particular, that roguery is not confined to farmers, or housekeepers, nor to the professors of religion and hospitality. I shall not, however, fatigue you with a narration of all the events I here met with; it is enough to state, that I again talked myself out of my comfortable quarters; for, seeing my lady's waiting maid appropriate several articles to her use that were not her own, out of regard for my master I accused her of the theft; but not being able to substantiate the charge, she had sufficient influence to procure my expulsion from the family.

Being now without employment, I applied to a barber, who had united with his shop a sort of intelligence office, and he, for a proper consideration, hired me to a grocer a few days afterwards. My duties now consisted in carrying home small packages for the customers, watering and measuring

rum and molasses, and voting for my master, who was a great politician, at the different ward meetings and elections. He was connected with a number of other gentlemen, all flaming patriots, and such great sticklers for the rights of the people, that they had an invincible antipathy to seeing the populace led by the nose, by any but themselves. When they had any measures to carry, they usually met together in private to concert their schemes; and then, as they were most of them persons who employed a number of workmen, they were generally able to repair to the place of rendezvous with a force sufficient to defend their rights against all aggressions. Sometimes, however, the people turned traitors to themselves, and most preposterously out-voted my master and his friends; which was, doubtless, owing to some corruption and intrigue that had crept in amongst them, notwithstanding all our laudable efforts to prevent it. For myself, I must confess I liked the sport extremely well; for, besides showing ourselves as men of consequence, we were allowed to drink as much liquor and make as much noise as we pleased, which afforded the body of the people, that is, myself and the rest of our faction, an excellent opportunity of enjoying a frolic at our masters' expense. So, leaving the course of my patriotism to be directed by those who knew more of such matters, I cocked

my hat on one side, and huzza'd for liberty and the rights of the people as loudly as the best of them. After I had gone on in this manner for some time, an event occurred which damped my rising ardour with a vengeance. Being employed by my master one night, to paste up a quantity of handbills, containing severe strictures upon the character of the candidate he was opposed to, I was set upon by some bullies belonging to the opposite party, who mauled me so terribly, that I was left upon the ground without sense or motion. But this was not all; for the watchman hearing the noise, came up, and whilst the aggressors escaped, secured me for having broken the peace; when, heaven knows! the peace and my head were both broken together, and I had no more to do in the one than the other. This, however, did not avail me; I was confined in the watchhouse all night, and fined heavily the next morning, which I thought most uncivil treatment to a man labouring so zealously for the good of the people, and accordingly resolved, out of revenge, to abjure patriotism for ever, and leave the people to take care of themselves.

Chapter IV.

The Tatterdemalion's story concluded.

Having accordingly left the grocer, continued the tatterdemalion, I was again under the necessity of applying to my friend the barber, who soon after recommended me to the keeper of a livery stable. Whilst living with him, I met with an incident, which, though of no great importance, appeared to me so singular that I cannot forbear relating it. Near my new residence was an oyster cellar, which I sometimes visited, although I had reason to believe the company that frequented it was none of the most respectable. Being here one evening with an acquaintance named Williams, we chanced to converse pretty warmly upon some subject, which I took but little notice of at the time; but the next morning a constable tapped me on the shoulder, with a warrant to compel me to appear before Mr. Justice such-a-one, and answer for having sworn six profane oaths. I was greatly astonished at this, for I could not recollect when, or where, I had so sworn; I was, nevertheless, obliged to accompany the constable, who led me to a contemptible looking place, the windows of which were filled with glass jars, containing different herbs; for the magistrate it seems had two strings to his bow,

and exercised the profession of an Indian doctor, as well as Justice. He was seated at a desk elevated to some height from the floor, and surrounded by a kind of paling, whilst outside of this the room was crowded by a promiscuous rabble of black and white, men and women, many of whom, I observed, held small strips of paper in their hands. Amongst these I discovered my friend Williams, who informed me he had been brought up on the same charge as myself. "But is it not very strange," said I, "to be prosecuted on such a pretence as this?"

"O! not at all," he replied, "it is in fact the only kind of business done at this office. All these prostitutes and vagabonds are employed by the Justice to attend the different oyster-cellars and ballrooms, where they note down the oaths that are sworn, and in the morning the offenders are brought here and fined—half the proceeds being the perquisite of the prosecutors, and the other half with the costs of suit is pocketed by the magistrate."

"It seems to be a pretty thriving business," said I, "from the number engaged in it."

"So it is," answered Williams, "the Justice is making a power of money, and even now talks of leaving off his old trade. As his pockets are better filled, his conscience begins to grow more tender, and he thinks it beneath his respectability, to

take the necessary measures for enticing poor credulous wretches into the use of his drugs."

"His respectability," said I, "is about as well worth preserving as a rotten egg." But being at this moment called up, I paid my fines and costs as expeditiously as possible, in order to make my escape from the filth and stench of the motley mob that surrounded me.

Stop here for a moment, said my father, interrupting the narrator, and answer me one question. Is what you have been telling me respecting your adventure with this justice, every particle of it true?

As I am a living man, said the tatterdemalion, I have related nothing but the facts, nor have I added any colourings of my own invention.

Then, said my father, I will take it upon me to have this part of your story published, as a lesson for all future governors and legislators. It is an abominable thing, that the intentions of justice and the laws should be so shamefully prostituted, and wherever the fault lies, it ought to be held up for the unqualified reprobation of the public. I have myself known several magistrates who made a traffic of their offices, and were otherwise totally unfit for their stations; but that there existed such dens of knavery as you have just described, had never entered my imagination.

It is, nevertheless, true, said the tatterdemalion, and it has been my misfortune to fall into the hands of these kind of justices more than once; as you will see by the conclusion of my story, if you are not already tired of it. The blame is, doubtless, attributable to the governor, who ought not to confer his appointments upon such unsuitable persons.

Not entirely so, said my father, for as it is unreasonable to suppose that the governor is personally acquainted with all the applicants for office, the heaviest portion of our censure should fall upon those who recommend such unworthy characters to his patronage. There are many persons, who, through weakness or over good nature, will put their names to almost any petition, rather than withstand the importunities of those who apply to them; and yet they are willing enough to find fault with the governor for making an improper appointment, though it was given on the credit of their own recommendation. You may now, however, proceed with your narrative.

Soon after this, then, said the tatterdemalion, I grew tired of the city, and resolved to return to the country, for which, indeed, I had always retained a preference. I had saved of my earnings about thirty dollars, which I converted into silver, and sewed up in a leathern bag, being henceforth determined to carry it about my person, even at the

risk of thieves and pickpockets. I then tied up my clothes in a pocket handkerchief, and setting out early in the morning, walked nearly thirty miles before night-fall. Sleeping at a tavern, I resumed my journey at a brisk pace the next day, hoping before the close of it to reach the place of my destination. After proceeding about seven miles I was joined by a man also on foot, who had came thus far by a different road; and, as we were travelling in the same direction, we naturally entered into conversation, and pursued our journey together. He was a stout, well built fellow, about my own age, dressed decently, and carrying a large wallet strapped over his shoulders. He informed me that he was a sailor, and was then going to see his family, which resided some distance up the country, after an absence of several years. He also related to me many anecdotes of his exploits and travels in foreign countries, in which I was so much interested that the time flew along rapidly, and I was delighted with my companion. I could not help observing, however, that he frequently cast his eye over his shoulders to look back upon the road, and, sometimes, when the sound of wheels or of horses came upon us unexpectedly, he started with rather more apprehension than seemed likely to be created by the fear of being run over. At last seeing, probably, some traces of suspicion in

my countenance, he informed me that he had deserted from his ship, and was very much afraid of being pursued. This was perfectly satisfactory; I did not consider it my duty to apprehend deserters, and we went on as before.

Coming about noon to a piece of woods that offered a convenient shade, the stranger proposed to halt, and unstrapping his wallet, he took from it some bread and cheese, which he invited me to share. Whilst thus engaged we continued talking upon various matters, when at length my companion suddenly started up, and telling me he was obliged to go into the woods upon some urgent occasion, pushed his wallet towards me, and desired that I would take charge of it until he returned. He had scarcely disappeared, when several persons rode up at a rapid pace, and instantly dismounting, one of them placed his foot upon the wallet, and asked me what it contained. Thinking that these were the persons in pursuit of the deserter, and wishing to protect his property, I answered rather sharply that it held my clothing; when, without any ceremony, they proceeded to open it, and, to my utter astonishment, took out a number of pieces of silk, and several other valuable articles. Immediately, upon observing this, the whole party set up a shout, and, laying hold of me, commenced rifling my clothes with such dexterity that Mr. Jones'

pickpockets could not have exceeded them for their lives. Coming, at last, to the leathern bag which contained my dollars, they set up another shout, and then tying my hands behind my back, placed me on a horse before one of the stoutest of the party, and rode off briskly by the same road they had come.

During all this violence, they did not deign even to listen to the threats and expostulations I continued to utter, nor did I fully learn the cause of it until we arrived at the village of C——, some ten or fifteen miles distant. Here, followed by a mob of boys, whooping and hallooing at our heels, I was conducted to the shop of a saddler, who exercised the office of Judge and Justice. His appearance put me very much in mind of the Indian doctor, and I did not feel much encouragement from my cause being subjected to his judgment. Laying aside his leather apron, as we entered, he assumed a large elbow chair, and having read the warrant which was presented to him by one of my conductors, condescended to inform me, in answer to my repeated inquiries, that I was apprehended for feloniously breaking into the store of Mr. Abraham Needletoes, and taking therefrom divers articles of goods——

"One piece of worked lace, three pieces sattinet" —began Mr. Needletoes, who was present.

"Have patience, my good friend," interrupted the Justice, and resumed reading—"and taking therefrom divers articles of goods, and seventy dollars in gold and silver."

At this accusation I could not help looking blank, for I knew that appearances were against me: however, I related as well as I could, the circumstances under which I became possessed of the property. When I began, the magistrate stared, but, without further notice, proceeded to count the dollars they had taken from me, and then very coolly asked what I had done with the rest. All my protestations were of no avail; they all cried out that I had secreted the remaining forty dollars, and at last, the Justice, finding that nothing more was to be gained, proceeded to make out the necessary orders for committing me to prison.

At this moment I bethought me of inquiring at what time the alleged robbery was committed, and being informed that it was the last night, I assured the Judge I was then at a tavern ten miles distant, which I could prove.

"That, my friend," said he, "would be proving a 'libel,' which you can do when you are brought before the court for trial; but now, as there is no doubt of your guilt, we must have you to the jail without further procrastination."

"To be sure we must," said the constable, "the

stone jug is the only safe place for such rascals, and with your honour's permission, I will tie his hands and feet together, and have him off directly."

"Do so, Mr. Huggins," said the Justice, "and you may put my horse in the wagon, alongside of yours, and the county must pay for both, for I dare say the fellow is a most blood-thirsty, daring villain, and it will be best to take three of the men along with you for security."

Accordingly, the wagon was prepared, and, under charge of the constable and his three assistants, I was hurried off to the county jail, and there left to meditate upon this unfortunate occurrence at my own leisure. The transition, in fact, was so sudden, from a state of liberty and innocence to that of a prisoner and suspected felon, that I could scarcely persuade myself of its reality; so that when I was rudely shoved through the grating into the common hall of the jail, I continued standing by the door without any distinct conception of what was passing around me. I soon came to my recollection, however, and seating myself upon the floor, began to lament the strange and unaccountable fatality, by which the punishment of every one's roguery seemed to light upon my shoulders. I knew enough of the law to be aware, that even with a more acute judge than the saddler, I should find it extremely difficult to prove my innocence, espe-

cially as I had been guilty of such an egregious piece of folly, as that of claiming the villain's goods for my own. The only satisfaction I could find, was in cursing the pretended sailor, who had so tickled my ears with his marvellous adventures, his family that lived up the country, and his desertion, all which I now fully believed to be a set of lies from one end to the other. I promise you the Judge also came in for his share of my good wishes; an excellent consolation it is, truly, said I to myself, that a man may be allowed to prove his innocence after the punishment has been inflicted, or that after I have been penned up in this place for two or three months, I may be allowed to come out and clear myself if I can. I believe I even pronounced these words, or some of them, aloud, for at this moment one of my fellow prisoners, a rough, shaggy looking fellow, came up, and said to me, "You are right, comrade, justice is a surly, inconsiderate wench, to make the best of her, but if every rogue had his desert, and every honest man his due, you and I would probably be on the bench, and some other people at the bar."

"What! my friend," said I, "have you, too, been sent here unjustly, by some ignorant saddler?"

"Why, no, not exactly by a saddler," said he, "though in that, I must confess, our cases are very similar; I was sent here for riding on a saddle;—

and, as to the justice of it, you may judge for yourself."

"For riding upon a saddle?" cried I, in astonishment.

"For nothing else under heaven!" answered my fellow prisoner.

"But are there many confined here upon such slight pretences?" said I.

"O! for that matter," said my informer, "you may take it upon your salvation, that one-half the good company here are quite as innocent as you or I am. There is Dick Simpson, who was put in merely for signing his name to a piece of paper in the wrong place; Sam Kelter for engraving the figure ten instead of one; and many others for offences equally trivial."

I now began to perceive the drift of this honest man's argument, and though such jokes were but sorry specimens of wit, they served to break up my own uncomfortable meditations, and I encouraged him to proceed. He accordingly went on to entertain me with the characters and history of his companions in captivity, and from his account I might have concluded that I had got amongst a set of the most honest and agreeable fellows in the world. He also assured me for my comfort, that a residence in prison was far from subject to so many inconveniences as people generally imagined.

was true, he said, the inhabitants were somewhat circumscribed in their movements, but then they had always good society, and by a proper management of their resources indoors and out, they were commonly pretty well supplied with food and liquor. "Indeed our occupations here," he continued, "as in all other places, consist chiefly in manœuvering to get those two indispensable articles, particularly the latter."

In this manner he ran on for a long time, giving me a great deal of information, which I do not now recollect, nor is it of much consequence that I should; but, in spite of his assurances, I soon found my new residence monotonous and uncomfortable enough. During the day we had the freedom of the hall and yard, but at night we were all locked up in separate cells. As to our resources, so much boasted of by the gentleman before mentioned, they consisted chiefly in the scanty charity of those who happened to pass under our street windows, from whence a stocking foot was generally suspended by a string, and in the revenue we derived from the jail yard, which happened to be the town ball-alley. Most of those who came to play left a trifle with one of the prisoners who kept the tally, and this being considered common stock, was applied to the purchase of whiskey. This article was smuggled in by an old woman, who supplied us

with bread and other necessaries; and so great an adept was she at this business, that even we were ourselves often at a loss to find the leather bottle that contained it. Sometimes it was artfully concealed in the interior of a loaf of bread, at others in a pie, and in a variety of curious disguises, from which it seemed our procuress took a pride in exhibiting her dexterity. Other articles were procured in the same manner whenever we could raise money to buy them.

All these means of excitement, however, were insufficient to prevent me from desponding a great deal, and at length I became extremely ill. The jailor, who still preserved some touches of humanity, notwithstanding his profession, went after a physician, and not finding the one who usually attended, brought two others in his stead. These gentlemen felt my pulse, and one of them was of opinion that it was oppressed, but the other insisted strenuously that it was depressed; and not being able to agree upon this point, they sat down upon the foot of my pallet, and argued the matter for at least two hours, before proceeding to any further examination. Finding, however, by accident, that both proposed to use the same remedy, they terminated the dispute, and left me some medicine, which I believe was really of service.

At last my long expected trial came on; and the

only thing that prevented me from being convicted, was the circumstance of the landlord's mare happening to foal, the night I stopped at the inn; for one of the hostlers recollecting me, was enabled to ascertain the time by the age of the colt. In this manner I proved my "libel," as the justice called it, and was acquitted; but when I came to inquire after my money, I was told by counsel, (a young man whom the court had appointed to defend my cause,) that three-fourths of it had gone to pay my jail expenses, and that the other fourth had been delivered over to the shopkeeper; which might be recovered by a suit at law; but in consideration that I was not now worth a copper, he recommended me to go about my business and say nothing about it. Consequently, I was three days ago turned off from the hands of justice, pretty much in the same pickle you now see me. I have since attempted to procure work in several places, but for my misfortune, I have so many marks of her fingers sticking about me, that no one would harbour or give me the least employment. A crust of bread, which I procured from an old woman who inhabits a cottage by the road-side, and who has more of compassion than scrupulous nicety in her disposition, was almost the only food I have tasted since leaving my prison, until I arrived at this house.

Here the poor fellow concluded his story, which, as he had before said, was none of the shortest; but though he had been treated so scurvily in his different adventures, it was evident enough he took a kind of pride in relating them, and even seemed to think his own history preferable to that of any other story-teller since the days of Archie Sandlewood.

As to my father, it filled his head so full of politics, that he thought of nothing else for a fortnight; and in that time he invented an entire new code of laws, to be administered without the aid of justices of the peace. A copy of this document he sent to a member of the Assembly from our county, but what use that gentleman made of it I have never been able to ascertain.

In the meanwhile John Dennis, whom Jenny Jobson, with the assistance of the old clothes bag, had metamorphosed into a very decent looking serving man, ploughed and planted the turnip patch; so that when my father found himself at leisure to look at it, they were all up and growing. He never asked whether John had used the new plough or not, but took that matter for granted.

The devil, who, as Sancho says, wants to have a finger in every pie;—by the by, this puts me in mind of a story which the critics shall have the picking of some day or other; but, as I said before,

or rather as Sancho Panza said for me, the devil, who wants to have his finger in every pie, must certainly have sent this honest John Dennis to meddle in the affairs of my father's household for the express purpose of creating confusion. Though his disposition was naturally good enough, he had a kind of maggot in his brain, that was always urging him into some scrape or other; and, to tell the truth of him, the fellow had not gone about the world with his eyes shut. He had seen and learned a variety of matters—the worst of it was, he had learned rather too much.

But here, gentle reader! a very good monitor, which is modesty, whispers in my ear that I may have already trespassed too long upon thy patience; and though I have a great reluctance to part with good friends, I fear I must make the sacrifice, or run the risk of wearing out my welcome. I therefore bid thee for the present a hearty farewell, sincerely wishing that thou mayest enjoy many days, full of prosperity, and nights of pleasant dreams. If these old fashioned chronicles contribute any thing towards the amusement of thy leisure hours, the highest wish of the author will be gratified, and he will probably find leisure for their continuation at no very distant period.

But old men are fond of prattling over the times of their childhood, and in the indulgence of this

natural propensity, I may have nourished hopes which a censorious world will not be so well disposed to gratify. In this case, however, I shall only throw by my pen, and leave the world to her own wilfulness. For my remaining tales, I shall always find hearers enough amongst the rising generations of Turkeytown, where, in truth, there is a fine collection of merry little rascals, who are always ready to listen to the history of their grandfather.

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